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THE RUMPUS— AND AFTER

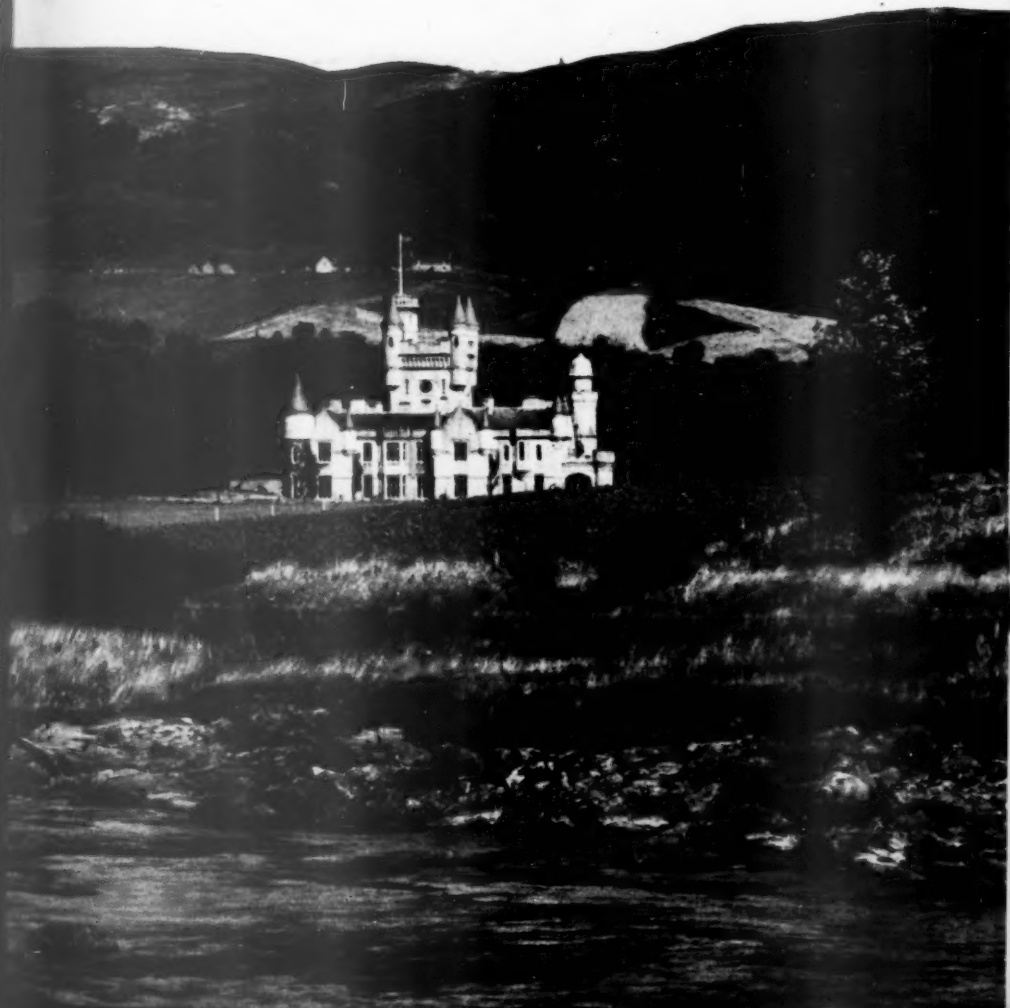
By Lord Altrincham

TWO SHILLINGS

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PERIODICAL
READING ROOM





the things they say!



Those people made a pile of money last year.

Not a lot, in relation to the size of their business!

Maybe not. But why couldn't they let their customers have a bigger share in this prosperity by lower or level prices?

You talk as if I.C.I. haven't kept their prices down.

Well, have they?



Certainly. The general level of wholesale prices in this country is more than three times pre-war, but, on average,

I.C.I.'s prices have only about doubled.

Still, I don't see what I.C.I. want all that money for.

Much of it went into extending and re-equipping their hundred-odd factories and constructing plants for entirely new products.

Who benefits from that?

Everybody. I.C.I.'s *employees*, because they get the increased security that an up-to-date industry gives;

I.C.I.'s *stockholders*, because these new plants will increase the Company's earning power. Finally, I.C.I.'s *customers*, at home and abroad, for the policy of continuously improving manufacturing methods and increasing capacity is important not only in making more materials available to industry,

but also in keeping prices down.



THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN

PERIODICAL
READING ROOM

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Cover Picture: View of Balmoral Castle across the River Dee. (Photograph: Picture Post Library.)

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This Electronic Age

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We are quite ready to admit that we are not averse to some forms of automation. We do, of course, use mechanical aids for many of our activities, from the handling of cash to book-keeping. This speeds up the work to the advantage of the Bank and the customer.

Although we keep in constant touch with developments of mechanical aids over the whole range of our activities, in the final analysis it is the personal relationship of the Branch Manager and his staff towards the customer that matters. We face the electronic age resolute in this belief.

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This is the story of the daily life of Australian Aborigines in Arnhem Land, probably the most primitive of all living men. Here, in no way touched by the continent's white civilization, the Yulengor hold to their Stone-age beliefs and customs. It is written in the manner of popular science, and every word is truth, startling and beyond imagination. Mr. Chaseling and his wife have lived for many years as missionaries among these aboriginals.

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Episodes of the Month

Syria and the West

ALL Middle Eastern countries are unstable, but their instability is due to the effervescence of nationalism, to internal rivalries, and to the Arab-Jewish conflict, rather than to any preoccupation with ideologies. Recent events in Syria must be seen in this setting. It is certainly a nuisance that Russia is now playing a more active game in the Middle East than she did before the formation of the Baghdad Pact. But it must not be thought that Syria is any more part of the Russian bloc than Jordan, for instance, is part of the Western bloc. Middle Eastern allies are just as likely to prove unreliable to Moscow as to London or Washington.

The Western Powers must therefore act with caution and avoid any appearance of bluster or intimidation. Unfortunately we are less well placed now to restrain the Americans than we were in respect of Korea and Indo-China. Our rush of blood to the head last autumn has temporarily destroyed our reputation for subtlety, wisdom and balance; and of course it has gravely reduced our influence in the Middle East.

Nevertheless, there are advantages to be gained from the present situation, if Western diplomacy is equal to the test. Already there are signs of a better relationship with Egypt; Nasser has no wish to become a Russian pawn and Syria's over-

dependence upon the Soviet Union may incline him the other way.

Trouble in Ghana

WHEN we welcomed the independence of Ghana we felt bound to say that there was danger as well as promise in the experiment. At the moment danger seems to be outweighing promise, but all may yet be well, if Dr. Nkrumah can check himself before strong government (which is necessary) degenerates into tyranny.

The Monarchy Question

IN general the month of August was not eventful, but for the staff of this *Review* it could hardly have been more so. The article in last month's issue entitled "The Monarchy To-day" was reported all over the world and eagerly discussed—too often by people who had not read it in full.

We have therefore thought it right to curtail "Episodes of the Month" and devote the space which they would normally occupy to a signed article, describing the controversy and answering criticisms. This is followed by a summary of overseas reactions, and a selection from letters to the editor. These have been very numerous, but they represent only a fraction of the letters which have been sent to the author personally. These he is answering as fast as he can, but meanwhile he would like to thank all those who have written to him.

THE RUMPUS—AND AFTER

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

WHEN the Queen came to the Throne I was one of millions who felt a stirring of hope and enthusiasm. That hope remains; indeed, it has been largely fulfilled. But it would be dishonest to pretend that it has been entirely fulfilled, and the enthusiasm of a loyal subject compels a frank discussion of those respects in which it has not been fulfilled. Until last month there had been no such discussion—except in private. Now the discussion has become general, open and uninhibited. I claim no credit for this, since I had no idea that my views would be so widely publicized. But equally I am not ashamed of my part in the business; I meant every word that I wrote and I have no intention of withdrawing, or even of qualifying, a single phrase.

No Sudden Outburst

My remarks about the Monarchy were not impulsive; they were, I think—and readers of this *Review* will bear me out—a logical development of what I have been trying to say, and trying in my small way to get done, ever since the Queen came to the Throne. In August, 1952, I wrote about "The Queen's Opportunity," and the following extracts should at least be accepted as proof of consistency.

She [the Queen] can do more than anyone to promote social harmony . . . and to break down the barriers which still exist within the Commonwealth. . . . George III may have been justly described as the first of the borough-mongering gentlemen of England, but it is fantastically inappropriate to think of his descendant as the leader of the *jeunesse dorée* . . . she will never allow it to be said that she has more in common with one section of her people than with others, or that she attaches too much importance to routine traditional events in the "old country." . . . Her various Governments and Parliaments will not, one hopes, be behindhand in providing residences for

her, so that she will be able to *stay* in her many realms and territories, as well as *visit* them. . . . The fact that nearly all her courtiers are the products of English public schools, and that very few—if any—have been selected from a wider social and educational circle, is less regrettable than that they should nearly all be the products of one Commonwealth country, instead of coming from many lands to form a representative *corps d'élite*. . . . The Court should surely be a microcosm of the Commonwealth, and one may be confident that the Queen will work towards that end, while avoiding the unpleasantness of too sudden or too drastic change.

Five years have passed, but there is unfortunately no sign that the character of the Queen's entourage has undergone the slightest transformation. It is still, as I felt bound to say, "a tight little enclave of British 'ladies and gentlemen.'" In saying so I was giving vent to a disappointment which I could not conceal, and which is evidently shared by a very large number of Her Majesty's subjects.

What I Did Not Say

Nobody can expect to be involved in controversy without being seriously, and at times deliberately, misrepresented. In recent weeks I have had my share of this treatment. It has been suggested that I was attacking the Monarchy, whereas my sole object was to help an institution in which I am a fervent believer. It has been said that I insulted the Queen, and in particular that I described her *voice* as "a pain in the neck." This is quite untrue; I never mentioned her voice. The straightforward English idiom which I used was applied to her *style of speaking*, by which I meant—as is perfectly clear from the context—the actual wording of her speeches and the manner, as distinct from the vocal pitch, of her delivery. My point was that there was too little spon-



THE RUMPUS—AND AFTER

taneity in her public speaking, and I think this was a fair and reasonable criticism. Another fallacy is that I called the Queen "a priggish schoolgirl," etc. What I said was this: "The personality conveyed by the utterances which are put into her mouth [my italics] is that of a priggish schoolgirl," etc. In other words, the Queen's own character is being overlaid by a synthetic character which her speech-writers are trying to create. Finally, I did not criticize the Queen's personal choice of friends; I explicitly said that this was "not a legitimate matter for public comment." But there is a fundamental difference between private friends and official advisers, and the Queen's choice of official advisers must surely be open to comment and criticism.

Editors on the Wrong Wavelength

The national and provincial Press gave great prominence to the article, but editorial comment was on the whole either plethoric or pompously hostile. This was not at all the attitude of working journalists, but those responsible for "policy" seem in most cases to have assumed that public opinion would be outraged by what I had written. In every part of the United Kingdom leading articles were churned out, the recurrent theme of which was that the British people were shocked. So indeed they were, but not in quite the way the Press imagined

them to be. They were shocked less by the views which I had expressed than by the fact that anyone had dared to express them. Those newspapers which gave me substantial support from the first (the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Herald* and *Reynolds News* being the most notable) found that they were in no danger of being dropped by their readers. Those which refrained from committing themselves (such as the *Daily Mirror*) could at least be grateful that they had not intervened too precipitately on the wrong side. The *Observer*, a great progressive organ, was placed by an ill-considered leader momentarily on a par with the *Daily Telegraph* and *Sunday Times* (though the voice of Kemsley, suitably translated into the accents of All Souls, was not heard for a week). The real gutter Press, which has for so long been exploiting the minor shortcomings of Royalty, burst into a cacophony of righteous indignation, and the word "vulgarity" was freely used by papers which were not thought to be aware that such a word existed.

The conduct of *The Times* in this matter represents a new low point in the deterioration of England's most famous newspaper. That it should have failed to enter into the discussion was bad enough; but that it should have tried for several days to pretend there was no discussion was utterly contemptible and a betrayal of all that is

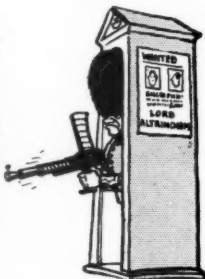
CUMMINGS ON THAT DISLOYAL LORD



By Gad, Sir! Another dirty try to pretend they're more radical than the Socialists!



Pneumatic drills? No, that's just some old English aristocrats turning in their graves . . .



!!!



I know I'm only a deb. Lord Altrincham, but no horse-whipping could hurt you as much as you're hurting my toes.



Lord Altrincham. Sir, your taxi waits . . .

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

understood by honest journalism. An editor is entitled to rule that something (in this case my article) is not newsworthy, and he may then be proved right or wrong in his ruling. But when he has been proved wrong he is not entitled to suppress reports of an incident which, whether he likes it or not, has become news. This censorship of information in accordance with editorial prejudice was not unknown at Printing House Square before the war, but Sir William Haley should have learnt from the many strictures on Mr. Geoffrey Dawson that such behaviour is neither fitting nor prudent.

Three Cheers for Independent Television

The Times and the B.B.C. have now, for obvious reasons, a very similar tone and technique, and it is not difficult to surmise what would have been my treatment at the hands of a B.B.C. whose monopoly had been left unbroken. As it was, I received no invitation to appear on B.B.C. programmes, but fortunately was twice given the chance, when the rumpus was at its height, to explain my position to Independent Television viewers. I am very grateful to ITN and Granada for giving me this chance; also to Pathé News, who enabled me to reach a very large audience in a newsreel interview. Those who saw and heard me through these media may not have thought me very much to write home about, but at least they may have found me less of a monster than I was being depicted in some quarters. Unlike most of my critics, I had nothing to fear from cross-questioning, but I had much to fear from the suppression and distortion of my views.

Mr. Fairlie joins "the Establishment"

On August 5 all who know Mr. Henry Fairlie, and who read the *Daily Mail*, were amused to see an article by him in that paper, in which he accused me of "insolent pride" and a lack of "emotional steadiness." These accusations, coming from him, were felt to be more than usually ironical. Very much the same phrases had been used about him when

he delivered his well-known attack upon "the Establishment," a term generally taken to denote those elements in society and politics which are self-satisfied and opposed to all radical change. It appears that Mr. Fairlie has now not only joined "the Establishment", but has become one of its most staunch defenders. He has, so to speak, exchanged his booth at the Caledonian Market for a stall at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

Perhaps the most absurd passage in his article was this: "Who on earth is he, this yoghurt-sized peer . . . to pit his infinitely tiny and temporary mind against the accumulated experience of the centuries?" I can vaguely see what "yoghurt-sized" means, but "the accumulated experience of the centuries" is a real teaser. Where does Mr. Fairlie suppose this "experience" to reside? In the Queen herself? In Sir Michael Adeane? In Lord Scarbrough? In Commander Colville? Surely not. Human beings may be greatly influenced by their antecedents, and a study of history can help them to know something about the past; but it is not given to them to absorb and comprehend the "experience of the centuries." The Queen and her subjects are all part of an immense tradition, but this is not a priestly cult in which certain individuals are given the sole power of interpretation. Our mortal minds may vary in size, but they are all temporary; and no living creature, not even a Queen, can claim to be omniscient or infallible.

Courtly Schoolmaster

The Establishment in the true, ecclesiastical sense entered the field against me in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury. When the trouble began he was in the United States, attending a meeting of the World Council of Churches. He had not read my article, and when asked for his opinion of it he could easily have made some remark to the effect that he was distressed by the extracts he had seen, but preferred to say nothing until he had read the full text. His mind might have been presumed to be upon higher things, and an answer of this kind

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A POT-POURRI OF LOYALISTS

Top row: l. to r. THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (Max Ehler); MR. R. G. MENZIES (Max Ehler); MR. HENRY FAIRLIE (Associated Newspapers).

Bottom row: l. to r. SIR LAURENCE DUNNE (Barratt's Photo Press); THE DUKE OF ARGYLL (Baron); MR. PHILIP BURBIDGE (Keystone).

would have done him credit. As it was he made a longish statement in which he condemned the article with bell, book and candle; and, not content with this, he made another statement a few days later, when he arrived back at London Airport.

Such conduct is the despair of those (and they must be a dwindling number) who still look to him for spiritual leadership. His immediate reaction was not that of a saint, nor even that of a conscientious scholar; it was the reaction of a courtly schoolmaster.

The Burlesque Element

As might have been expected, there were angry noises and threats of violence from those elements in the community which are incapable of original thought and can only bark or bite or slaver like Pavlov's dog. One morning I received this charming communication: "Altrincham, if we ever see you in the street we'll do you in. You're nothing but a nitwit who opened his bloody big mouth too wide we ain't no law abiding boys and we don't hold with this police stuff but you go too flamin' far when you criticise our Queen who does more good than you if you lived to be 500. She's a grand lady and you bloody well know it. But you have to open you'r trap cos you want to make news that's all. If any of our lot see you in the street we'll bloody well do you'r to pieces. Your's 8 (loyal to the Queen) Teddy boys. P.S.—Too many Communists still live in this country. If you wanna go to Russia go and flaming good riddance to you and you'r lot." (Spelling and punctuation as in the original.)

Lord Strathmore was reported as saying that if he had a gun he would like to shoot me, and the Duke of Argyll went one better and said that I should be hanged, drawn and quartered. In Kingsway, after I had been interviewed on television, an elderly man came up to me and struck me on the side of the face. He was an "official" of the organization known as the League of Empire Loyalists, which would be sinister if it were not so plainly ridiculous. Next day, when this man (Mr. Burbidge) was being fined at Bow Street for a breach of the Queen's peace, a message was received from Buckingham Palace thanking the League of Empire Loyalists, on behalf of the Queen, for their loyalty. This was an unlucky coincidence from the Court's point of view, because the message must have been sent before the incident in Kingsway. But the impression created was bad.

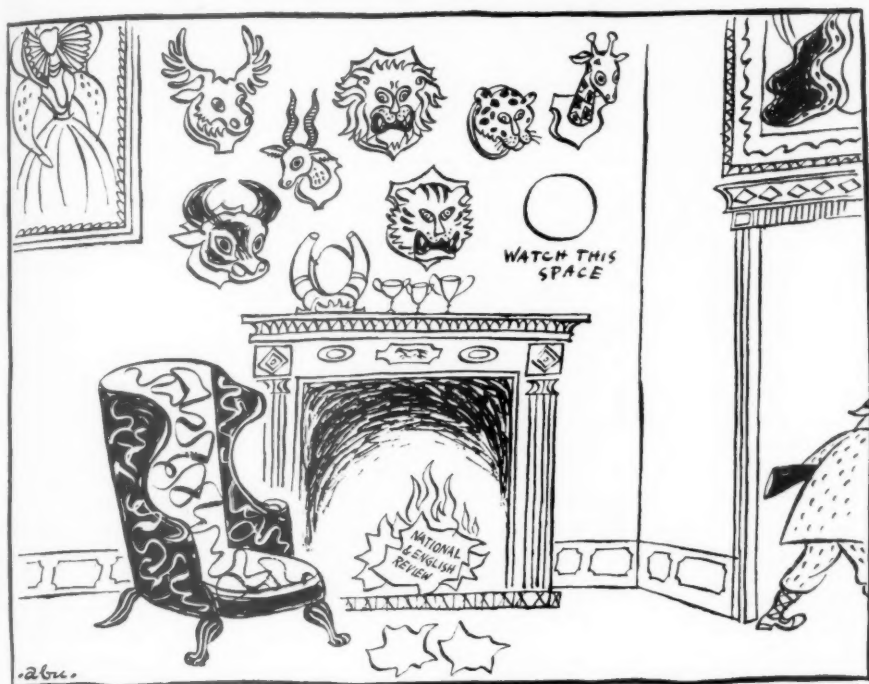
When passing sentence on Burbidge, Sir Laurence Dunne, the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, gratuitously stated: "I suppose 95 per cent. of the population of this country were disgusted and offended

by what was written . . ." This remark was naturally challenged on the score of accuracy, and Cassandra mordantly described Sir Laurence in the *Daily Mirror* as "Dr. Gallup—in Reverse." But even if the statistic given had been true, instead of wildly untrue, the remark would still have been quite unjudicial and therefore highly objectionable. Judges and magistrates are not asked to give their opinions on the world at large, but simply to administer the Law. Sir Laurence Dunne is yet another illustration of Bacon's maxim, once quoted with such deadly effect by the late Lord Birkenhead: "A much-talking judge is like an ill-tuned cymbal."

Dramatic Movement of Public Opinion

In its issue of August 10 the *Economist* was tolerant, but mildly patronizing. "Typically an intellectual," it said, "Lord Altrincham does not realize, as Bagehot did, that the royal activities which seem to him pointless are widely popular." This was a boomerang comment, since it soon became obvious that it was the *Economist*-type intellectuals, the Establishment in all its forms, and the cynical, profiteering exponents of royal ballyhoo, who had misjudged public opinion—not I. The hundreds of letters which were reaching me personally told this story; they soon began to swing in my favour until the balance was at least three to one. In the *Daily Mail* the following movement was recorded: "For Lord A.: Monday, August 5, 1 per cent.; Tuesday, 15 per cent.; Wednesday, 45 per cent. (The *Economist* must have gone to press before these figures were announced). On August 10 the *Daily Mirror* stated that the proportion of its letters in my favour was four to one. Finally, on August 12, the *Daily Mail* published the findings of "a nation-wide poll of public opinion." This showed that 35 per cent. of the whole population, and 40 per cent. of men, agreed with me *entirely*, 13 per cent. being undecided. In the age-group 16 to 34 a clear majority agreed with me *entirely* (47 per cent. against 39 per cent., with

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14 per cent. undecided). On the specific criticisms of the Court there was what could fairly be called a landslide; 55 per cent. of the whole population supported me, as against 21 per cent., with 24 per cent. undecided. The Queen will surely take note of the fact that her official entourage does not command the confidence of the nation.

Politicians on the Whole Silent

Perhaps because they sensed the way opinion was moving, leading politicians in this country maintained a rather conspicuous silence. In Australia Mr. Menzies fulminated, but there was no such display of sycophantic fireworks from Mr. Harold Macmillan. And the Prime Minister's non-intervention was made, if anything, more conspicuous by the over-fulsome, platitudinous homage of Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd.

On the Left there was a similar deadpan reaction from the leaders, many of

whom are anyway complete Blimps (Blimpishness being a matter of temperament, not of party or class background), and who may have felt embarrassed that a Tory was doing what they had failed to do; in particular that he, not they, was complaining of the absence of any Left-wing advisers in the Queen's official circle.

The weekly Press gave a mixed verdict. *Time and Tide* was sourly hostile. The *Spectator*, like the *Economist*, was cold and detached, but recognized the sincerity of the views it deprecated. The Conservative *Truth* was a wholehearted supporter, and the *New Statesman*, from a different angle, was the same. In *Tribune* there was a generous cheer from the ranks of Tuscany, which should not pass unnoticed by my fellow-Conservatives. "Lord Altrincham—as a good Tory—wants to rescue the Queen," said John Marullus. "At considerable risk to himself he has done a fine job. . . .

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As a radical, I suppose I ought to deplore this act of gallantry. But I cannot find it in my heart to do so."

"Foes" sometimes see more clearly than "friends."

"Publicity-seeker"

I must now answer in turn the main charges which have been brought against me. On the whole the opposition has been remarkably incoherent, and has preferred outright abuse to reasoned argument; but certain distinct points have emerged, and these must be refuted.

The first is that I raised the question of the Monarchy not out of a genuine concern for the institution, but because I craved personal publicity and was anxious to boost the sales of my magazine. As regards sales, it must be evident that I did not anticipate any exceptional demand, since I did not add to the print order for the August issue. In the longer term I was running the risk of the magazine's total extinction, if my views were as unacceptable to the public as most "experts" would have pronounced them to be. This goes for myself, too; nobody wants to be known in every continent as a traitor and a malefactor. My critics only reproach me with having sought publicity because they have failed to turn to my disadvantage the publicity which happened to come my way.

In a sense anyone who feels strongly about matters of public importance is bound to want to communicate his ideas to others. To this extent people whom we admire, and indeed revere, have all been "publicity-seekers." The test must surely be: were their ideas worth communicating, and did they seek publicity for its own sake? If the answer to the first question is Yes, and to the second No, there can be no moral stigma upon them.

"The Queen is Sacrosanct"

Many who exclaimed in pious horror when they read extracts from my article in the newspapers were of the opinion that any criticism of the Monarchy was inadmissible. Councillor Chorlton, who organized a not particularly well-attended

meeting of Altrincham Borough Councillors for the purpose of disowning me (a gesture which he and they may live to regret), observed in a B.B.C. interview that the Queen was "sacrosanct." Thus the doctrine of Divine Right, which our ancestors fought against in the seventeenth century, is staging a come-back in the latter half of the twentieth.

It must be defeated again, because it is inconsistent with reason and with the requirements of a free society. It would also in due course be fatal to the Monarchy, since every monarchy which has been given the status of a religious cult has ended in ruin. All our institutions must be part of the community and subject to normal democratic investigation and control. They must not be placed, as it were, outside and above the community. And incidentally it should be self-evident that a constitutional monarchy must rely for its support upon the power which is paramount within the Constitution. In the past, when our Constitution was aristocratic, it was natural that the Monarchy should be based upon the aristocracy. But now that the Constitution is democratic, the Monarchy must be democratic too. (Though it may seem paradoxical, the same is true of the so-called upper class; if it is out of tune with the rest of society it will die.)

"Insulting a Lady"

Then there is the old-fashioned chivalrous approach, of which the *Observer* provided the classic example. "Personal remarks made in public are rude: when they are made of a woman and concern her mannerisms they are very rude." This is a line of criticism which shows a startling unawareness, both of what I actually said, and of the significance of female emancipation. The Queen's style of public speaking is not a "mannerism"; if anything I was, by implication, regretting her lack of mannerisms. Any comment upon the performance of a public personality is of necessity personal, but such comment should be limited, as mine was, to what justly concerns the public. Is it "rude" to criticize a politician's speeches,

The Rumpus—and after

or the work of artists, writers and singers? If so, the *Observer* is guilty of rudeness in every one of its issues.

As for the point that public criticism of a woman is insulting, the logical conclusion to be drawn from this is that women should once more be excluded from public life. Such a suggestion would come oddly from the editor of the *Observer*, whose mother was the first woman to sit in the Westminster Parliament. If women are to claim and exercise, as I believe they should, complete equality with men, they must accept the consequences. They cannot do what used to be considered "men's jobs" and at the same time receive from men the maudlin and rather hypocritical deference that was accorded to them when they were in a state of inferiority. If they want to go back to the age of the troubadours they must abandon all idea of equal rights and equal pay. They cannot have it both ways.

"She Cannot Answer Back"

The most erroneous, but also perhaps the most deeply felt, of all the arguments used against me was that I was criticizing someone who could not answer back. It is indeed in the very nature of the Queen's office that she does not have to defend herself or bandy words with her subjects. We might say of her what Matthew Arnold said of Shakespeare:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.

We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still . . .

This is part of the beauty of Monarchy as we have evolved it. Freedom from the obligation to give any explicit answer to critics is no handicap to the Queen; it is one of her most important privileges. When criticized she can respond in one of two ways; either by ignoring what has been said, if she thinks it unworthy of her attention, or by taking in her own time, and without acknowledgment, whatever action she may consider appropriate. She can always rely upon a servile claque to pour abuse upon the head of the most

NEXT MONTH

"PUNCH-DRUNK PARLIAMENT"

A candid appreciation of
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"Taper" of the Spectator

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loyal and well-intentioned critic, while she is quietly making up her mind what to do or not to do.

If it were impossible to criticize the Queen because she cannot answer back, it would be impossible to criticize her at all; and this, as I have tried to show, would be against her interest no less than that of her subjects. She is like a seismographer who records volcanic eruptions and tremors, and in privacy makes the necessary deductions; but unless she neglects or misreads the scientific evidence she is in no danger of being engulfed by the lava.

"She Cannot Retire"

In the course of a characteristically tedious leading article the *Sunday Times* made a surprising statement, which may in the nick of time have saved many of its readers from falling asleep. This statement was that the Queen could not retire; to which the short answer is that if our Sovereigns were indeed unable to retire the present Queen would not be on the Throne. It is too much to expect the *Sunday Times* to abandon its by now established technique of expressing silly opinions with the utmost possible solemnity; but it could at least make sure that its homilies were free from elementary factual error.

Only a fool could regard the Queen as a miserable victim, with no escape from a life of heart-breaking drudgery. Her task is one which very few people, if they were born to it and trained for it, would wish to lay down. It is a task to kindle the imagination and fortify the spirit. The Queen has a vocation of the highest and most rewarding kind, and one cannot doubt that she is profoundly grateful to have been given the chance to follow it.

"Language, Language!"

There are many who applaud what I said, but feel that it should have been said in a more mealy-mouthed fashion. I cannot accept this view, which is anyway largely based, as I pointed out earlier, upon a misreading of what I actually wrote. Even allowing for this, however, one must still reckon with some to whom

in particular the phrase "pain in the neck" is offensive.

The *Daily Mirror* gave one answer to this, in a vigorous leader on August 22 ("Altrincham: *Mirror* Verdict"): "The young peer's language was intemperate—even impolite. But had he not employed shock-troop tactics he would have failed to stimulate the controversy which was so long overdue." This may well be true, though the effect was fortuitous. My own answer is that language exists to convey thought and feeling, and the best use of language is the most economical and the most exact. I have tried hard to think of any expression which would have conveyed my meaning more accurately than "pain in the neck," but none has occurred to me. The only alternative would have been to hint at what I meant in a round-about way, but this is a procedure I despise; it has stultified such journalistic comment on Royalty in recent years as has not been shamelessly and falsely cringing. In an age of jargon and circumlocution there is much to be said for plain English monosyllables and phrases which are familiar and therefore readily understood. Even Mr. Gladstone, who was not always very good at making his meaning clear, once used the phrase "bag and baggage" in a speech; as a result the speech is still remembered and this simple phrase left his audience, and leaves posterity, in no doubt as to what he meant.

False Conceptions of Monarchy

The "Divine Right" theory of Monarchy has evidently survived the Glorious Revolution, the Industrial Revolution, and the social revolution of our times. It still lingers on and dies very hard. At the other extreme is the theory which can be summed up in these words from the *New Statesman*: "[The Monarchy] is a part of the civil service, largely maintained by public funds, and properly open to normal democratic criticism." There is much more truth in the second theory than in the first; indeed, the second represents almost—but not quite—the whole truth. There will always be a numinous element in Monarchy, but this should not be ex-

THE RUMPUS—AND AFTER

aggerated or made an excuse for totemism.

Monarchy in the modern world must be practical and dynamic. The worst heresy which came to light during the recent controversy was that the Monarchy should be static—a mere symbol. In its leading article "Cavaliers and Eggheads" (August 9) the *Spectator* reproached me for seeming "to envisage a sort of unpolitical 'Patriot King' . . ." So I do—and why not? The *Spectator* thinks I overrate "the inspirational potentialities of the Monarchy." I am quite sure it is the other way round; the *Spectator* grossly underates them. In the *New York Times Magazine* (August 18) Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne made the same mistake. "Nothing," he said, "would be more foolish and dangerous than to mislead ourselves into supposing that, with a few adjustments here and there, the Monarchy can become something which, in its modern form, it can never possibly be. *Its role is essentially passive*". (My italics). In reality nothing would be more foolish and dangerous than for the Monarchy to conform to the pattern laid down by the *Spectator* and Mr. Worsthorne. A "passive" Monarchy would not only be wasting supreme opportunities of service; it would also be doomed.

Looking Ahead

The Queen is still young, and the hopes of her subjects are still infinitely stronger than their regrets. She has a unique

opportunity. The future is hers, if she will only grasp it. She can help to build up a comradeship the like of which the world has never seen—a comradeship which will change and transfigure the world.

At Balmoral she has the leisure to think. In surroundings which chasten and uplift the heart she may reflect upon the recent controversy, before she leaves for her short but important visits to Canada and the United States. Wherever she goes, she has the power to help people and to make them happy, *simply by being herself*. She does not have to pretend to be a Queen; she *is* the Queen. And the perfect modern Queen is no haughty paragon, but a normal, affectionate human being, sublimated through the breadth and catholicity of her experience and the indestructible magic of her office.

She must know that she is loved, but if her character is what I believe it to be she will not mistake adulation for the loyalty that stands all tests. She will know that it is easier to be polite to those in high places, than to tell them hard truths in a straightforward manner. She will therefore, I suspect (though this is of course a detail) realize that if her Throne were ever seriously threatened, and if she herself were ever the victim of any malicious or ill-disposed attack, she would have no more passionate champion than her humble and devoted, but frank, vigilant and by no means idolatrous servant.

ALTRINCHAM.

SOME OVERSEAS REACTIONS

THE following is a digest of reaction from abroad, mainly by newspapers and their London correspondents, to Lord Altrincham's recent comments about the Queen and her Court.

Many leading newspapers made little or no editorial comment, though publishing Lord Altrincham's remarks in the news pages. This was particularly so in some Commonwealth countries, including Canada, New Zealand and South Africa.

Commonwealth

In Australia, Mr. R. G. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister, said he thought Lord Altrincham's criticism "disgusting." "I think The Queen performs her duties with perfection and with great poise and great charm," he said. Prominence was later given in the Australian Press to Lord Altrincham's comments on Mr. Menzies's attack.

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The *Sydney Daily Telegraph* said:

"Most people deplore the fact that the Royal Family has been the target for so many ill-considered and unfounded attacks merely because the attack itself draws some attention to the attacker. . . ." It added: "Lord Altrincham has a perfect right to express criticism of the monarchy as an institution. But his criticism is so personal it becomes vulgar. It was made doubly offensive because the Queen was unable to defend herself. The best answer to Lord Altrincham's criticism, however, is the obvious evidence throughout the Empire and Commonwealth that people hold the Queen as an individual with respect and affection. What more can any king or queen achieve than to be loved, admired and respected by their subjects?"

The *Sydney Morning Herald* said Lord Altrincham's campaign might have some good effect if closer consideration were given to his suggestion of Commonwealth representation at Court. This newspaper said the great majority of the Queen's subjects must have deplored both the style and content of Lord Altrincham's attack. But he, or any other man, was entitled to criticize within the bounds of law the occupant of the Throne no less than the great institution of Monarchy itself. But public opinion must insist, so far as it can, that this freedom is exercised with a sense of responsibility and proper restraint. Few people can be as certain as the brash critic that the courtiers are a second-rate lot, although there have been some astonishing examples of the need for more effective administration, particularly in relations between the Palace and public, not least the Press.

The *West Australian*, the morning newspaper in Perth, supported Lord Altrincham. It said: "Blue blood may boil in England and aristocratic hands toy with horsewhips, but among the wild colonial boys of Western Australia the outspoken Lord Altrincham would currently win a Popular Peer competition hands down." Reporting the results of a survey conducted in Perth on local reaction to Lord Altrincham's remarks, the *West Australian* added: "The feeling is that now a chink has been forced in the purple velvet curtain of snobbishness and hypocrisy which has surrounded royalty, the air can be cleared for a frank discussion." The newspaper quoted the President of the Australian Labour Party, Mr. F. E. Chamberlain, as saying:

"There is affection for the Queen among the people of England, but a growing feeling of hostility towards her 'hangers-on.' Most of them have their heads stupidly in the clouds. They seem unaware of the social reforms that Britain and the Commonwealth have undergone in this country."

United States

The *New York Times* said: "The interesting feature of Lord Altrincham's criticism of Queen Elizabeth and the Royal Family is the fuss that is being made about his article in Britain. Lord Altrincham had written nothing disrespectful and wanted to save the Monarchy as an institution, apparently having feared that the Throne might lose its basic function. If President Eisenhower were subjected to no worse criticism than the genteel questioning of Lord Altrincham, he would be a much happier man than he is. However, the American President is a political figure; the British Monarch is a social and constitutional symbol." The *New York Times* said it had been remarked that if the Communists ever won a British general election the Monarch would duly open the next Parliament with "customary pomp and aplomb." All the same, the paper added, there were no guarantees that the British Monarchy could go on for ever. It could possibly have been eliminated at the time King Edward VIII was insisting on marrying Mrs. Simpson twenty years ago. "The days when the British nation would put up with an unsatisfactory or—as in the past—a bad, disgraceful or mentally unfit king or queen are gone," the *New York Times* went on. "Britain has been wonderfully fortunate in having King George VI and Queen Elizabeth II and their consorts. They have been beloved and respected. But will it always be so? Human nature cannot be trusted to that extent. The Royal Family, so to speak, must continue to be wanted, to be respected, and, as had been the case with the last two Monarchs, to be loved. Whatever Queen Elizabeth and her family are doing may not be perfect to critical eyes such as Lord Altrincham's, but the Royal Family must be doing the right things on the whole. The British Throne was never more secure."

A columnist writing in the *New York World Telegram and Sun* said the fact that the Queen appeared, according to Lord Altrincham, like a schoolgirl was one of her most attractive qualities. He added: "England would be

SOME OVERSEAS REACTIONS

a loser if Queen Elizabeth, a pretty girl, turned into a sharp-voiced sternly-tailored female spouting phrases about the decline of shipping on the Thames."

The *Washington Star* said that if there were a Lord Altrincham who had dared to voice such criticism of the first Elizabeth he would probably have had his head chopped off. "Speaking for ourselves, we have heard words from the lips of Elizabeth II and we think she is a commendable and exceptionally attractive user of the English language."

France

The left-wing anti-Communist Paris newspaper, *Franc-Tireur*, said Lord Altrincham was "dangerous" because he was more

royalist than the Queen. Britain's best informed Socialists and Liberals, it said, preferred the Queen inactive, decorative and withdrawn, but Lord Altrincham wanted "a monarchy more socially conscious and politically active." The newspaper added that Lord Altrincham in his criticism of the Queen and her household had expressed publicly views which many Englishmen held privately. It went on: "And that is where the scandal lies. The entourage of the Queen does not shine with subtlety. In fact their scorn for the outside world is sometimes striking. Thus, when the Queen suddenly broke off her holiday to come back to London at the time of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation, the Palace took it upon itself to warn the Press that the

REMINDER

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Queen's return had no political significance." The *Franc-Tireur* commented: "Doubtless she had forgotten to turn off the gas." And it went on to say that it was pertinent to question, as Lord Altrincham had, if Prince Charles, whose education was continuing along the same lines, would one day know bus drivers, dockers and engineers and not just stockbrokers.

The London correspondent of the independent Paris newspaper, *Le Parisien*, said Lord Altrincham had only expressed aloud what many Englishmen were thinking.

Another Paris newspaper, the Conservative *Le Figaro*, said the rebuffs suffered by Lord Altrincham were in fact helping him. He was gathering more and more supporters from day to day. "This is because the English always have a weakness for isolated champions, and the very severity of the rebuffs suffered by Lord Altrincham is not, in the long run, without advantage to him," *Le Figaro* said.

Italy

The independent Rome newspaper, *Il Messaggero*, in a despatch from London, said Lord Altrincham was "not wholly wrong." "The court of Elizabeth II is really a circle as closed and exclusive as ever, a circle full of uncles, aunts, grandmothers, cousins, husbands and wives—a real family circle. One has the impression, in fact, that to enter the Queen's household one needs the introduction of a relative already known at the Palace for his past services."

The independent Milan newspaper, *Corriere della Sera*, said: "If the form in which Lord Altrincham's criticisms have been made is in doubtful taste, many people agree with some of them. It was once normal for the English nobility to attack the Crown. But nowadays any frank comment is greeted with cries of scandal."

The radical newspaper, *Il Giorno*, said of Lord Altrincham's article: "It was not just a stunt, but the expression of a definite line of opinion proper to the left-wing Conservatives who lost the chance to modernize the party when their leader, Mr. Butler, failed to succeed Eden as Prime Minister."

The unofficial Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, said that those newspapers and citizens who assailed Lord Altrincham were right because of the "very real insult to the prerogatives of the Head of State and to her person, especially as a lady is involved."

Denmark

The Social Democratic daily, *Social Demokraten*, mouthpiece of the biggest party in the Danish Coalition Government, described Lord Altrincham's criticism of the British court as "a boil bursting." "The British Empire, which must experience so many changes, apparently feels that the changes should not stop at the gates of the Palace."

Berlinske Tidende, the biggest Conservative daily, said: "Lord Altrincham's immoderate attack has not swayed the British Throne. But we would not be surprised if it gives cause to a certain modernization of the relations between the British Royal Family and the public."

The Conservative *Dagens Byheder* listed Norway, Sweden, Holland, Greece and Denmark as successful examples of how a monarchy could be modernized without losing dignity. It said that in May, when the British Queen visited Denmark, British journalists met in the Danish rulers "a royal couple who lived up to the demand for 'classlessness' made by the modern age without having broken with dignity." It added: "If Lord Altrincham's impolite remarks can speed up efforts that are now being made to modernize the English Monarchy, it would not be the first time in this imperfect world that evil has given rise to something good."

Holland

The independent national daily, *De Telegraaf*, said Lord Altrincham's criticism "seems to originate from an incorrect view of the nature of modern kingship as developed in the course of history." It went on: "A modern President, especially if he is chosen directly, such as in the United States, is in the first place a man of the people; the function of a modern hereditary king is essentially different—he is before everything the man of State, bearer of its highness and glory, depicted by the splendour and ceremony surrounding him. On every day when the Queen drives to Parliament in a golden coach to open the first session of the new parliamentary year it appears that the thoroughly democratic Dutch people understand the value of this. A President should strive for gaining popularity, but the representative of a national dynasty like that of the Dutch does not need this; he is popular." The paper concluded: "He who tries to tarnish existing royal courts, bereaves the kingship

SOME OVERSEAS REACTIONS

of that which, in this modern world, forms its power."

Belgium

Le Peuple, the Belgian Socialist Party newspaper, said "this passionately interesting question intimately concerns all countries where monarchy still exists." The newspaper compared British outspokenness with "a strange shyness and reticence" surrounding matters concerning the Royal Court in Belgium. It said that, with the exception of Belgium's post-war "royal problem," which led to the abdication of Leopold III, "one has to go back to the stormy reign of Leopold II to see public opinion voice aloud criticism of the behaviour of the royal court. At present, King Baudouin was criticized 'only in undertones and secretly, which is frankly rather hypocritical,'" the paper said. The polemic in Britain aroused by Lord Altrincham's article had shown clearly the "changes in the views of Her Majesty's subjects. For them, as for us, the Monarchy has ceased to be taboo." Britain, it added,

was giving Belgium "an excellent example, because such criticism of the Court sprang from the healthiest of democracies."

Germany

The West German independent newspaper, *Der Mittag*, said the main part of Lord Altrincham's criticism was "based on facts," but his personal attacks against the Queen were "unfair." The paper said: "The main part of his criticism remains valid and deserves attention. It only says openly what large parts of the insular population have known for quite a while. The sharpness of his attack must be regretted, for from now on it will be still more difficult for the Court to find the right balance between tradition and progress."

Another independent West German newspaper, *Der Tag*, of Berlin, said Lord Altrincham had missed the target in some of his criticisms of Queen Elizabeth, but the fact that they had met widespread approval in Britain was "one of the many symptoms of a crisis in the Conservative Party."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, The National and English Review

From Mr. Percival M. Dearle.

Sir,

Many who refrain from expressing privately held judgments of Her Majesty's fitness for her high office will hope that current controversies may be directed along channels leading to reforms at Buckingham Palace.

Buckingham Palace, not the Commonwealth Relations Office, is now the real hub of a rapidly evolving Commonwealth. The Commonwealth Relations Office may quite soon absorb the Colonial Office as the organ of United Kingdom diplomacy *vis-à-vis* those Governments now independent but formerly tributary to Britain. There should be a genuine Commonwealth Civil Service recruited from technically-trained men and women of all races and colours. These would be free to take up advisory posts in the geological surveys and other economic or cultural services of any country desiring help. They might become the nucleus of a Secretariat for the Colombo Plan and absorb the existing functions of the Imperial Institute.

Buckingham Palace is, of course, the Court for the United Kingdom Monarchy, and its staff possesses unrivalled experience in organizing ceremonial functions. Such functions

are not irrelevant in a genuine democracy. As Head of the Commonwealth, however, the Queen must maintain very close personal touch and regular correspondence with Governors-General and Heads of State in a rapidly growing number of newly enfranchised countries. Is it premature to suggest that she should be advised by a permanent Commonwealth Council, members of which would be nominated by the respective Governors-General on the advice of their Prime Ministers? The staff itself should be recruited from countries other than Great Britain, and it should not be impertinent to suggest that some salaries be paid by those countries which value the Crown as the real link between the various peoples. The education of the Royal Princes and Princesses is, of course, the responsibility of their parents; but in carrying out such responsibilities the advice of experts should not be superfluous.

I am, etc.,

PERCIVAL M. DEARLE.

14 Southbourne Gardens,
Westcliff.
August 8, 1957.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

From Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall.

SIR,
No doubt you have received a certain number of letters about various aspects of your article on "The Monarchy To-day." I would like to comment briefly on one point. If I understand you aright you would like Her Majesty "to come into her own as an independent and distinctive character" through the medium of her speeches. Yet earlier in the article you write: "Immense good would be done if the Queen *appeared* to speak from the heart" (*italics* are mine).

The demand that Her Majesty should become a more accomplished actress is in direct conflict with your wish that she should be her own distinctive character, and express that character in her speeches. It would no doubt be great fun if Her Majesty (with the assistance perhaps of her husband) said exactly what she thought and not what she was advised to say when opening a new hospital, or even Parliament, but the Constitutional complications would be considerable and controversial.

Yours truly,
STEPHEN KING-HALL.

Hartfield House, Headley,
Bordon, Hants.
August 14, 1957.

From Mr. A. C. B. Mercer.

SIR,
May I congratulate you on your courageous and much-needed article on the Queen and the Court?

You will be subjected to abuse, if not actual assault, but of one thing you can be assured. You will have the backing, expressed or not, of far more people than possibly you have dreamt of. Certainly than the Court, the Press, or the mildewed end of the Conservative Party could imagine.

You have sent an icy-fresh blast of air down amongst the musty corridors of the Palace, and I hope you can keep up the good work.

Stick to your guns, and the best of luck.

Yours faithfully,
A. C. B. MERCER.

142 Moor Lane,
Woodford, Cheshire.
August 6, 1957.

From Mr. B. Clifford.

SIR,
In general, I agree with the sentiments expressed in your recent article on the Queen and her Court, a piece which appears to have

caused a slight ripple on certain complacent waters. I agree with the sentiments though not in every case with the choice of words. If the Queen can be likened to a hockey captain on Speech Day, your "pain in the neck" genre of phraseology could legitimately be criticized as sixth-form prefect comment on the Head.

However, I admire your courage and wish you well in your one-man campaign.

Yours faithfully,
B. CLIFFORD.

7 Clayton Drive,
Burgess Hill, Sussex.
August 7, 1957.

From Sir Dudley Pryke, Bt.
SIR,

I have been a subscriber to the *National and English Review* for some years and I have frequently been irritated by the smug complacency of the writer of "Episodes of the Month," who gives the impression that he considers he is gifted with better knowledge and judgment than the men who have the worry and responsibility of dealing with current developments and happenings.

The article "The Monarchy To-day" in the current number, by Lord Altrincham, goes far beyond this, however. The author apparently considers he is entitled, and competent, to teach the Royal Family, who have been trained from childhood for the position in the country they have been destined to occupy, how to discharge their functions, and to do so in the language of a rude schoolboy.

Sir Laurence Dunne is probably quite right in saying that "ninety-five per cent. of the people in this country are disgusted by what was written" and I count myself of this majority.

I am, therefore, willing to avoid any opportunity of reading more of Lord Altrincham's opinions and have accordingly instructed my bankers to cancel further payment of my subscription to the *National and English Review*.

Yours faithfully,
DUDLEY PRYKE.

Constitutional Club,
Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.
August 8, 1957.

From Mrs. Wakefield.
SIR,

A word for the Queen—mostly on compassionate grounds. Is it right for anyone practically to be denied freedom in questions

CORRESPONDENCE

of religion, marriage and career? However pleasing to one's pride may be the bestowal of titles, the fleeting pageantry of royal visits, etc., it is selfish to demand of a single individual a life-long sacrifice which is neither necessary nor advantageous to the community as a whole. One person, however charming, could not hold the Commonwealth together. Kinship of ideals is the link. Would it not be extraordinary for anyone brought up in such artificial uniqueness to express the wit, warmth and originality associated with other ranks of society?

The Monarchy, being a human institution, is surely not entitled to the deference accorded a religious creed. The Queen, by virtue of her position, is denied the privacy most of us treasure. She must expect discussion of her affairs in so far as they affect the nation. If criticism could be constructive, it might prove helpful—furious feudalism notwithstanding!

Yours faithfully,
SYLVIA A. WAKEFIELD.

*Jasmine Cottage, 28 Erskine Hill,
London, N.W.11.
August 12, 1957.*

*From Miss M. I. Greenwood.
Sir,*

Having read extracts of your attack on Her Majesty the Queen, it is my duty, as one of millions of her loyal and admiring subjects, to protest most strongly against your cruel, cowardly and spiteful attack launched against one who, by reason of her

unique position as Sovereign Lady, is unable to defend herself.

I suppose you realized this before you wrote your malicious abuse.

What a cowardly little bully you are!

I can well imagine what a beastly specimen you were at your preparatory school—the sort who hit boys smaller and weaker than yourself, no doubt.

Yours faithfully,
M. I. GREENWOOD.

*38 Eldon Road,
Winton, Bournemouth.
August 8, 1957.*

*From Major F. R. Barry.
Sir,*

I defer to none in my loyalty to the Throne, but I believe your article in the August number of the *National and English Review* to be a thoughtful, balanced and timely one. You will, of course, be censured (witness the cry of the brave Duke for a gun and the courage of the moron who—probably for cheap notoriety only—hit you), but you will doubtless remain unperturbed.

In the event, you will be lauded and commended by many, including a number of those now ranting at you. The majority of these latter have probably not even read your article.

Yours faithfully,
F. R. BARRY.

*Flat No. 1, 3 Sussex Square,
Brighton 7.
August 10, 1957.*

FERMENT IN CENTRAL AFRICA

By JAMES JOHNSON, M.P.

I RECENTLY spent an absorbing four weeks in Central Africa on a fact-finding tour as the guest of the North Rhodesian African Congress, who arranged for me to sleep at European hotels, while during the day I visited native locations and reserves and frequently spoke with leaders like Nkumbula, Kaunda and Katelungu at open-air meetings numbering some thousands. It was disquieting to find that

the African leaders, and indeed their rank and file, are so morbidly suspicious of Sir Roy Welensky and the aims of his Federal Party. This has now been heightened to an absurd degree by the London visit of the Prime Minister, and his unequivocal statement that he expects Dominion independence by 1960.

On the side of the Europeans one found a fear, almost pathological in places, re-



Photo: J. Allan Cash.

A NEW BLOCK OF FLATS IN SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

garding African advancement, either economic, social, or political. An indication of this was the fact that a leading Salisbury business man and former mayor called for my deportation upon arrival, presumably because I was a Labour M.P. and guest of Africans! Abusive letters flooded the Press and even Sir Roy Welensky, the P.M., issued a special hand-out attacking my speeches as "being most offensive." This appeared to me at the time as not only undignified but unbalanced. However, I suffered no personal discourtesy; and while staying at Kitwe, centre of the Copper Belt, containing many Afrikaaners, Harry Nkumbula, the African Nationalist leader, called daily at the hotel for me.

Nevertheless, racial tension is most marked, and much more evident than in Kenya. At times it can be almost felt—for the Europeans, jealous of their privileged position, resent and fear Africans who do not "keep their proper station." I was harshly brought face to face with such racial arrogance in Kitwe, when Nkumbula, President of Congress, entered a milk bar to buy cigarettes and was forcibly ejected by two Europeans. An

indiscriminate fracas ensued on the pavement, with all contestants ultimately landing up at the police station. This social *apartheid* is frankly terrifying, and arouses intense disquiet about the future of Federation. Race relations need the utmost care in handling, and this small European population is not flinging up enough leaders of liberal and cultured minds to give a lead. Correspondingly, this regrettable colour bar only serves to persuade the few educated Africans that they have no assured place in Rhodesian society. The chip on their shoulders can so easily become an epaulette.

The London Constitutional talks will take place in 1960. By that time Sir Roy Welensky must convince the Africans that Federation gives them tangible benefits. What is the balance sheet to date?

The Federation is booming economically, with capital investment pouring in. African wages are going up, and there is a definite advance in living standards since my last visit in 1954. All partitions in Northern Rhodesian post offices have disappeared, but queues still persist, and there is a glaring lack of sub-post offices. They are non-existent in African locations, and Africans walk miles into the towns to buy a postage stamp. Again there is remarkably little discrimination in the shops, for the African Congress staged a successful boycott some months ago. As Mr. Garfield Todd recently reminded the Bulawayo Chamber of Commerce, there is now over £100 million worth of purchasing power in the hands of Africans throughout the Federation, and it will pay shopkeepers to be courteous to their coloured customers.

It was noticeable how increasing numbers of attractively dressed young African housewives were shopping with discrimination and not being fobbed off with any article, as in the past. In the native townships the improvement in housing was very evident. The old wooden shutters were disappearing and glass windows with tasteful curtains were taking their place. The copper mining companies are leading the way in design and are now building first-class houses for about £500. It is

FERMENT IN CENTRAL AFRICA

claimed that the colour bar has gone in the dining saloons on the Federal railways, but more goodwill for the Government would be gained if discrimination went on the footplate also, and Africans were permitted to be drivers and firemen, as they are in the neighbouring territories of the Belgian Congo and Portuguese Mozambique. The pigmentation of one's skin is still a handicap to promotion in the public services and industry. There were some illuminating differences between the stages of African development in the three territories, not always to the advantage of the Northern protectorates. Northern Rhodesia derives great wealth from the copper taxation, yet with a similar population (about two million) to Southern Rhodesia, she has only 200,000 children at school, which is less than that of the Southern territory. Why is it that there are no African agricultural officers in Northern Rhodesia, while we find them in little Nyasaland next door? Again, there are no District Officers in the two Northern protectorates, but both Tanganyika and Kenya have had these for some time. The key to all this lies in education. African education is completely inadequate in the two Northern territories. There is only one boys' secondary school with a good sixth form (in Lusaka) and no girls' secondary school with a School Certificate form. The results have been inevitable. There is no African doctor, engineer, veterinary surgeon, secondary school headmaster, senior civil servant, or lawyer, anywhere in the territories. Where is the Africanization of the Civil Service to take place? There are no big battalions of qualified Africans behind the handful of educated political leaders of Congress, who oppose the Federation under present European leadership and wish for self-government with elected African majorities.

Discrimination is in glaring evidence in the inferior services in the African townships. They lack paved roads, adequate lighting, a decent supply of clean piped water and modern sewage. In my view, genuine advancement of African society depends upon two things—good housing and



Photo: J. Allan Cash.

AFRICAN CHILDREN WITH MELONS AND PUMPKINS.

women's education. The Federation must encourage a stable and secure African society which will have a stake in the future of the territory. I found in few African homes the amenities of the English working class. African schoolboys go home to illiterate mothers, and a home lacking books, music and culture generally. It is imperative that African men find educated women for their wives and the mothers of their children.

The Africans in their locations form a community apart and must soon be given the chance to integrate themselves into the life of the main town. These locations must become wards and elect members to the town council on the same basis as the Europeans.

Another burning issue with African businessmen is that they have no security to their tenancy of houses, shops or hotels, for unlike the Europeans they possess no title deeds. I was told in Lusaka that the Northern Rhodesian Government have a Bill on the stocks to alter this, but it is held up until H.M.G. repeal a 1924 Order in Council.

The University College at Salisbury is perhaps the most hopeful sign of the

future. There are almost eighty first-year students who work and play together, a revolution for Southern Rhodesia. Indeed, Salisbury is so strictly zoned between black and white that a special Act had to be passed enabling land to be used for this multi-racial college! There is still segregation for the African women in eating and sleeping quarters, but it is not impossible that the European students may voluntarily end this.

In the political field, signposts clearly stand out. First, the Africans in the Northern protectorates are vehemently opposed to the present set-up. The Government is inclined to pooh-pooh this, and say it is mainly the opposition of a few Congress politicians. I believe that the Government is deluding itself, and that these new young politicians, like Nkumbula, Kaunda, Chirwa and others, do have the backing of tribal chiefs and African businessmen. Opposition has hardened following the recent franchise proposals, for the Africans find the dual-roll or two-tier system obnoxious. It is plain hypocrisy to give coloured men the "special" vote in a lower compartment and then tell them that, however many thousands they poll, that total will count only for a decimalization of the white man's "ordinary" vote in the upper compartment. It is good news to learn that Sir John Moffat and the African Affairs Board have found this to be a "differentiating" measure which must be referred to the U.K. Government.

Can Sir Roy Welensky give an assurance to the Africans that in the 1960s Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland will have local autonomy? Unless the Africans feel that the future holds the prospect

of Legislative Councils at Lusaka and Zomba, with African majorities of elected members who will administer agriculture, education, housing, police and local government, they will continue to remain apprehensive and unco-operative.

For the time being H.M.G. must maintain Colonial Office control in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland until the Africans are sufficiently educated and equipped to look after their interests in a plural society, in which up to now the Europeans have been politically and economically dominant.

If the Europeans do not have Dominion status granted by 1960, what will be their action? Lord Malvern has spoken of a second "Boston tea-party," and there is loose talk on the Copper Belt of physical force, as Ulster threatened in 1914. It is evident that H.M.G. will still have its Governor, the administration and the police under its orders; and while the Federal Army may be in Lusaka to the extent of a company or so, it is obvious that any support from south of the Zambezi given to a Copper Belt "revolt" would be, in plain terms, an invasion. Thinking, responsible people to whom I spoke discounted such a possibility. One can only hope that H.M.G., whether Labour or Conservative in 1960, will keep faith with Africans, and that common sense and decency will prevail among the European settler population. If we fail to make a success here, the multi-racial Commonwealth as we know it to-day can be sundered. Fortunately we still have the priceless asset of time. Three years may be enough.

JAMES JOHNSON.

ITALY'S LABOUR SURPLUS

By RICHARD BAILEY

ONE of the main worries of British industrialists considering the move for closer economic ties with Europe is the problem of cheap labour. Italy, one of

the six countries signing the Rome Treaty which sets up the European Common Market, has a chronic surplus of labour. Are the low wages to which this gives rise

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a threat to British industry? And what are the Italian trade unions doing about the problem?

The Population Problem

The broad outlines of Italy's population problem are already well known. Italy has few raw materials except marble, and much of her land is too mountainous for farming. Hydro-electric power resources are already fully developed, and the annual output of poor quality, very highly subsidized coal from Sardinia is under two million tons. The problem is complicated by the fantastic inequality in the distribution of wealth, both between regions and between classes. The great industrial centres of the north are relatively wealthy. An enquiry, into the extent and causes of poverty with the poignant Italian title of *Inchiesta sulla miseria*, published in 1953, revealed the existence of widespread poverty and destitution throughout Italy, but especially in the south, the Mezzogiorno.

The position is complicated by the fact that the greatest increases of population are taking place in the south. Before the First World War emigration acted as a safety-valve, releasing on average over half a million a year. Then, in the inter-war period, the United States closed down on immigration and Fascist policies discouraged emigration, except to North and East Africa. Since the war it has been easier to arrange for emigration to other European countries than overseas. Over half the emigrants up to 1952 went to France, Belgium received large numbers for the coal mines, as the Marcinelle disaster of a year ago so tragically demonstrated. After a slow start, movement to the Commonwealth, especially Australia and Canada, has met with some success. All the same, emigration is now only providing for about one in twelve of the two million unemployed without taking into account the new entrants to the labour market.

The Labour Force

The results of these pressures of population are being seen in various ways. One

is the great stir of investment activity in the south represented by the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*, the special fund for the development of industry and agriculture in the south. The other is the movement of labour within the country. The drift to the towns especially to the north is a new phenomenon, resulting from the slowing down of emigration. It provides a reservoir of cheap labour on which Italian industrialists freely admit they depend to make up for the high cost of raw materials. Over half of the unemployed are illiterate agricultural labourers with no industrial experience or mechanical skill, and with nothing to sell but the strength of their right arms.

The Trade Unions

The work of the Italian trade unions in organizing the labour force must be considered against this background of poverty and surplus labour. Great Britain, with a working population of some 21 millions, has over 680 trade unions. Italy, with a working population of some 21½ millions, has four. What is more, these are all general unions, covering all industries and all types of worker. Their position in the State is far from secure and there is no similarity between the powers and prestige of Italian trade union leaders and those enjoyed by their opposite numbers in Britain, the United States, or even Western Germany.

Like the population problem, the state of the unions is the creation of Italy's history and geography. The Risorgimento, which brought political unification, intensified existing economic problems. Political democracy had barely established itself before the long period of Fascist rule put an end to the development of free institutions, including trade unions. After the fall of Mussolini, discussion in the trade unions was conducted on simple ideological lines of Communists against anti-Communists. The so-called Rome Agreement of 1944 set up the General Confederation of Labour, *Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro* (CGIL), which was intended to include all trade union branches and activities. The idea

that the common interests of labour could be served by a single confederation covering all ideologies did not last long. Communist preoccupations with the class war and attempts to dominate the movement provoked the formation in 1950 of a new union with Christian Democrat sympathies, which became the *Confederazione Italiana Sindacati Lavoratori* (CISL). In May 1950, Social Democrat and Republican trade unionists started the *Unione Italiana del Lavoro* (UIL), which was a reaction both against Communist and Christian Democratic influences. In the same year the *Confederazione Italiana Sindacati Nationali Lavoratori* (CISNAL) was founded to protect the interests of the many groups and individuals who had stayed outside the big confederations.

The Italian trade unions differ in many important ways from our own. In the first place, although consisting mainly of industrial workers, they include the professional organizations of those engaged in banking, commerce and the public service, side by side with agricultural workers. Although there are effectively only four unions, these are really umbrellas under which shelter a hotch-potch of societies, branches and factions in broad sympathy with the main objectives of the Confederation, but each with a very definite viewpoint of its own. In a country where it is possible for all the inhabitants of a village to vote Communist, but at the same time go to mass regularly and consider themselves good Catholics, the possible permutations in trade union organization are endless.

The main activity of the trade unions is on the works councils. Election to these bodies, which represent the workers' side in negotiations with employers on all matters from wages to how often clean towels are provided, is by a system of proportional representation. It is only at these elections that an employer knows how many members of each union he has on his books. Even this test is not conclusive as large numbers of workers consider themselves trade unionists, but omit to pay union fees.

In recent years the Communist CGIL

has lost ground in the elections in the big concerns and has lost control in, among others, FIAT and OLIVETTI. Nevertheless, so far as can be ascertained CGIL is still much the biggest union with over four million members. CISL has between two and three million and UIL about a million. Grand totals have no great significance in Italian unions, however. What matters is the number of active trade union members in a particular plant. The big weakness of Italian industrial organization—the large number of small firms—has a crippling effect on the trade unions. Most of the energies of the unions in all but the biggest concerns are dissipated in trying to get individual employers to implement national agreements. When it is remembered that only 32 per cent. of the working population is in industry, that 65 per cent. of all industrial workers are in the north, and that 94 per cent. of Italian firms have ten or less workers and only .07 per cent. over 100 workers, it becomes clear why trade union activity in Italy, except in the few big concerns, is still very much in the Tolpuddle stage.

What are the chances of improvement? To a very great extent the trade unions and political parties will have to grow up together. The over-concentration of the unions on factory affairs leads them into the politics of the local trades councils, the *Camera del Lavoro*. Again, union dues are very low, about 1s. a month, and even these are not paid by the thousands of camp followers who are union members only in a bookkeeping sense. It may be that the recent arguments between the Saragat and Nenni Socialists will strengthen UIL at the expense of the Communist CGIL and the Christian Democrat CISL, but it will take some time for the effects of this to make themselves felt.

The possession of cheap labour is likely to be a source of weakness rather than strength to Italy in competing with Britain and other industrial countries, especially when it is remembered that the Italian social services are paid for almost wholly by the employers. The number of firms able to take advantage of the surplus labour is small and the big firms in any

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case are dependent on skilled labour, while the surplus is all largely unskilled workers.

Italian back street workshops are not going to flood the markets of Europe, however cheap the labour they use. What it is hoped will happen is that the Development Fund set up under the Rome Treaty

will turn the poverty-stricken south into a market for manufactured goods from the rest of Europe. If that comes about the Italian trade unions will be able to concern themselves with prosperity instead of poverty, for the first time in their existence.

RICHARD BAILEY.

THE ROLE OF THE SUPREME COURT

By DENYS SMITH

IT is more than a fanciful piece of semantic juggling to compare the United States Supreme Court with the Court of St. James. The Supreme Court fulfils many of the same functions as the British monarchy. Last June the President referred to the Supreme Court as "one of the great stabilizing influences" in his country. That is the first similarity. Both Supreme Court and Monarchy stand above party and factional controversy. They are national not political institutions. Neither has been immune from criticism, particularly the Supreme Court, but outright attacks are resented for both are held in universal respect.

The American written Constitution gives rigidity to the American social structure and checks the disintegrating forces present in so large a geographical area, but the Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is. Supreme Court decisions change the interpretation of the Constitution to fit the times. So does the British Royal family change to suit the times. It is not frozen in the pattern of George III. The Supreme Court similarly prevents the United States from being frozen by its written Constitution into the pattern which existed at the time of George III when it was drafted. One must not, of course, press the analogy too far. The actions of the Supreme Court have a far

greater direct effect on American life than the actions of British royalty. Its influence varies from one period to another. At present a series of Supreme Court decisions is having a considerable influence. More attention is being paid to the Court than at any time since Roosevelt introduced his Court-packing Bill when Charles Evans Hughes was Chief Justice.

Chief Justice Hughes preserved the integrity and prestige of the Court in the face of political attack. Chief Justice Warren has increased its authority by a series of positive decisions which have led some commentators to say that the important political changes during Eisenhower's Presidency have come from the judicial rather than the executive branch of the Government. "More than ever we see the exercise of positive leadership in the shaping of the future form of American society coming from the Court rather than from the legislative or executive branches of the Government," said one commentator. To be more specific, since the appointment of Governor Warren of California to be Chief Justice the Court has shown surprising uniformity in opposing efforts to maintain or disguise racial segregation in education, transportation, recreation and other fields. It has equally upheld the rights of the individual against abuse of power by either the legislative or

executive branches of the Government.

The remark of Mr. Dooley, a comic character created at the turn of the century by an Illinois journalist, Finley Peter Dunne, "the Supreme Court follows the election returns," has often been quoted. It might be paraphrased as "the Supreme Court reflects the prevailing state of the public mind." This was very marked in a series of decisions of June 17. The two most important were the reversal of a lower court decision that a union official, John Watkins, had been guilty of contempt of Congress when he refused to identify former associates as Communists before the Unamerican Activities Committee, and the Court's refusal to uphold the conviction of fourteen Communists under the 1940 Smith Act. Five of them were freed and re-trial ordered of the other nine. In another case the dismissal of a State Department official for disloyalty was declared unjustified and the conviction of a New Hampshire University professor under a State anti-subversion law was reversed. All these cases had their origin in the years when there was an emotional, even hysterical, fear of Communist infiltration. Senator McCarthy was more a symbol of this national mood than its instigator. The security of the nation took precedence over the rights of the individual and his personal freedoms. The war and the cold war challenged the existence of the State and in self-defence the State asserted powers and developed practices at the expense of individual citizens which were widely accepted as necessary at the time. It would have surprised Mr. Dooley very much if the Supreme Court had been able to make the same decisions five years ago as it did to-day. But in the last few years there has been a reduction in world tensions, the danger has not seemed so imminent, public emotion has subsided and people have become a little ashamed of their past frenzy. The public atmosphere was so different that it would have caused Mr. Dooley no surprise to find the Supreme Court reflecting the change.

The Supreme Court was in a sense passing judgment on the degree of national danger. It was expressing a

restored national confidence and was indicating that the rights of individuals need no longer be subordinated to the safety of the State, that it was safe to move back into the main stream of the American constitutional tradition. The American traditions of individual freedom had suffered their greatest affront from the investigating committees of Congress. These had frequently behaved as though they were above the law and the Constitution. A limit was set to their power in the Watkins decision. The Supreme Court majority said: "Petitioner was prosecuted for refusing to make certain disclosures which he asserted to be beyond the authority of the Committee to demand. The controversy thus rests upon fundamental principles of the power of the Congress and the limitations upon that power. We approach the questions presented with conscious awareness of the far-reaching ramifications that can follow from a decision of this nature."

The Court recalled that Watkins had told the Chairman of the Subcommittee of the Unamerican Activities Committee which conducted the examination: "I do not believe that any law in this country requires me to testify about persons who may in the past have been Communist Party members or otherwise engaged in Communist Party activity, but who to my best knowledge and belief have long since removed themselves from the Communist movement. I do not believe that such questions are relevant to the work of this Committee nor do I believe that this Committee has the right to undertake the public exposure of persons because of their past activities." The Court accepted that position as correct. It did not deny the right of Congress to investigate so that it could inform itself on the subject-matter of future legislation. But it declared: "No inquiry is an end in itself; it must be related to and in furtherance of a legitimate task of the Congress. Investigations conducted solely for the personal aggrandisement of the investigators or to 'punish' those investigated are indefensible."

The Court recalled that the British Parliament had claimed that its law was

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above the law of the land and had even imprisoned a Chief Justice in the 17th century for challenging this. "It seems inevitable that the power claimed by Parliament would have been abused. Unquestionably it was." Now Parliament practised greater restraint and important investigations like those conducted by Congressional Committees were now made by Royal Commissions of Inquiry. In the United States the two positions were reversed. In the early days of American history "there lingered the direct knowledge of the evil effects of absolute power." But, particularly since the war, there had appeared a new kind of Congressional inquiry which "involved a broad-scale intrusion into the life and affairs of private citizens. . . . We have no doubt that there is no Congressional power to expose for the sake of exposure." Due deference should be paid Congress, "but such deference cannot yield to an unnecessary and unreasonable dissipation of precious constitutional freedoms."

The decision relating to the fourteen Communists sentenced under the Smith Act declared in effect that holding an opinion, however unpopular, could never be considered a crime. The Smith Act provided fines and imprisonments for persons "who teach, advocate or encourage the overthrow or destruction . . . by force or violence" of any Government in the United States. The Court ruled that there could be no offence if overthrowing the Government was advocated as "abstract doctrine." It had to be related to action. In an independent opinion, Associate Justice Black said that the entire Smith Act was unconstitutional,

since it abridged freedom of speech, press and assembly in violation of the First Amendment. He declared: "Doubtless dictators have to stamp out causes and beliefs which they deem subversive to their evil regimes. But Governmental suppression of causes and beliefs seems to me to be the very antithesis of what our Constitution stands for. The choice expressed in the First Amendment in favour of free expression was made against a turbulent background by men such as Jefferson, Madison, and Mason—men who believed that loyalty to the provisions of this amendment was the best way to assure a long life for this new nation and its government. Unless there is complete freedom for expression of all ideas, whether we like them or not, concerning the way government should be run and who shall run it, I doubt if any views in the long run can be secured against the censor. The First Amendment provides the only kind of security system that can preserve a free government—one that leaves the way wide open for people to favour, discuss, advocate or incite causes and doctrines, however obnoxious and antagonistic such views may be to the rest of us."

Some people fear that the trend of the present time is to rob man of his individual character, to oppose any departure from an accepted norm, and to treat as an ideal condition a state of affairs in which everybody thinks and acts alike and becomes a mere cog in a machine. If that is so, then the Supreme Court of the United States has played its part towards checking that trend.

DENYS SMITH.

THE SLIPPERY SLOPE

By JOHN VERNEY

TO become a sword swallower, according to an amusing memoir on the subject by Mr. Mannix, you first buy a sword, then you swallow it and then, if you're still alive, you are a sword swallower.

Much the same technique serves, in principle, to qualify anyone for the desirable status of old public schoolboy, a qualification which—except in the dock when it will bump his sentence up by at least six

months—is generally held to be, in some indefinable way, to his credit. I can never see why. Apart from the handful of scholars who have *earned* their education by their brains (and who are seldom afterwards seen in the dock), to have been through a public school simply means that your parents had enough money to send you. True, a phenomenon called The Bulge has temporarily stiffened the competition and thus raised the standard both of the Common Entrance and of those further periodic examinations which a boy (or girl, it's all much the same to-day) must pass to avoid superannuation; you have at present to be brighter than you had to be, thank God, in my time. Still, the required standard of brightness is far from dazzling and the credit, I maintain, for an old public school-boy's (or schoolgirl's) status in society is primarily his parent's; or perhaps his public school's, under which latter heading I include those preparatory establishments which are to a public school and university what the first is to the subsequent stomachs of a cow. All are part of the one system. And since I have children who—part of the cud so to speak—are about to pass into the system beyond recall, I constantly ask myself what they will gain from the process that is more worth having than the State offers free. The question particularly arises at the end of every term when I try to strike a balance between the school report and its accompanying bill.

* * *

Someone said that education is what's left when everything learnt at school has been forgotten (who said it is one of the things I've forgotten). What *is* left? In the case of many old public schoolboys, apparently nothing—beyond a bored accentless voice, the right to protect a cringing ego behind a striped tie, a moderately attractive incompetence when faced with mending a fuse or changing a tyre; and a veneer of sophistication, itself often misplaced, when dealing with such problems as tipping a porter or writing a bread-and-butter letter to an archbishop.

I can think of two sorts of boy for whom, beyond question, the public school system at its very best offers advantages unobtainable elsewhere. They are the born classical scholar and the son of immensely rich parents who needs to acquire the friends and tastes which will help him to endure the long idle years ahead. To those might be added the boy (more common than one cares to suppose) who really needs to be away from his home for at least eight months a year. But none of those categories apply in the case of my children. Short of some miraculous transformation in their industry and aptitude, they are unlikely ever to become classical dons. Short of my winning the pools, they will certainly have to earn their living very seriously. And as for their home, they have often maintained that they prefer it to school, though the preference is less noticeable towards the end of the long summer hols.

Why, then, did I decide to launch them into the public school system, instead of saving the money, allowing them to be State educated and using the £3,000 (for that's what it costs) to help each of them start later on in the second-hand furniture business, the Brigade of Guards, or whichever other way they incline? Was it entirely for their sake? Or for mine? Am I, horrid suspicion, just the sort of oaf I despise, who imagines the privilege of sending his progeny to Eton, Roedean, Harrow, etc., is his by some divine right, and damn the rest? Or was I sincerely wishing to give them the best education I could afford and which, when they've forgotten all they've learnt, will serve as an intangible but solid benefit, a talisman or magic cloak, to help them, and even—why not indeed?—to smooth their path a little through life? Will they blame me for it? Or will they wish merely, standing in the dock, that they had the £3,000? These are parental worries which often keep me awake at night, if seldom for long. For, although I like to think that my actions are guided by pure reason, I know in my heart that for every important decision I depend solely on instinct. And because I suspect that in this case my

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instinct may have been tied up with intellectual, even social, snobbery and may prove financially disastrous, I am the more eager to find some excellent reasons to support it.

* * *

In a spirit of grateful anticipation, in the hope of being proved absolutely right, I turned to Mr. Gilkes's book,* described on the jacket by Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor as "a simple and cogent and readable little book . . . exactly what was wanted by everyone who has the interests of independent education at heart."

Well, it makes such a hash of the case for public schools that I am tempted to suspect Mr. Gollancz's motive in publishing it. I am also tempted to end my comment there, for Mr. Gilkes does work as a headmaster for which I greatly respect him. Besides, I am in sympathy with his cause. My instinct tells me that the idea of abolishing independent schools is sheer lunacy, though I can see there is a case, which unfortunately he barely mentions, for the State to enlarge the scope of such schools by paying the fees of half the students, as it already does at the universities. I am all in favour of that so long as my children are among the selected. But then I remind myself that Mr. Gilkes has published a controversial book and that he is, moreover (to borrow his own analogy), selling a commodity, independent education, for which I am potentially a large-scale customer. I feel I have a right to speak my mind. More in sorrow than in anger I warn the High Master of St. Paul's that what follows will hurt him more than it hurts me.

Mr. Gilkes employs a grotesque style, and I daresay that was partly why I found his book an almost incomprehensible rigmarole of generalization and half-truth, comically decked out in mixed metaphors and containing vague accusations against educational reformers, whom he calls "the dangerous descendants of Procrustes." Of them he writes: "But I

believe that, in throwing out a comparatively insignificant gallon of dirty bath-water, the extremists will cause the death of a very vital and healthy baby." And again: "How I wish they could have heard, as was my privilege the other day, that delightful writer, Ruth Adams—wittiest of Eve's daughters—when she urged three thousand members of the Mother's Union never, never to allow themselves to be supplanted and banished by bureaucrats from their proper maternal duties."

But possibly the adventures of three allegorical creatures, whom he calls "the French Trio," got me hopelessly muddled from the start. One moment "Equality is at the steering wheel, but with Liberty bumping on the back seat and wondering if the springs are broken." The next "Liberty and Fraternity are locked up in the Bastille." Elsewhere Liberty and Equality have a tug-of-war. Within the space of a page the versatile Equality is "a mighty leveller," "a majority slogan," "a fertile mother of restrictions and regulations," and "*tout court*, not a very promising horse to back." I have not just picked on a few careless sentences to try and make Mr. Gilkes look foolish; the whole work is like that. Nor am I a literary purist. Usually the more a book departs from academic canons of taste the more I enjoy it. Like Sir John Slessor, I am content if it be readable and cogent. But how can it possibly be either when every page has a dozen sentences of this kind: "But the poison enters softly into the porches of the ears. Where on the slippery slope is the planner to stop?" Or the reader to begin? Such things distract his attention from the argument; indeed, make him wonder whether there can be an argument worth attending to. And this is more the pity, for Mr. Gilkes is obviously a sincere and fair-minded man pleading a case of great national importance.

Roughly the case, as argued in the first two-thirds of the book, is that the charges which most reasonable people felt could be made against the Public Schools before the war, have been invalidated by the Welfare State. He claims that there is

* *Independent Education: In Defence of the Public Schools.* By A. N. Gilkes. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

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little social injustice or class feeling left and that the reformers, carried away by their spiteful passion for levelling, today threaten to destroy the fundamental human right of every parent to choose the best education for his child he can afford.

This may be true, though I should have thought there was still as much privilege, etc., as ever in the Public School system and therefore a better case against it than he suggests. My main objection to this part of his book is that he does not seem quite sure that he is right. When you're fighting dangerous men like the descendants of Procrustes you've really got to *fight*. Mr. Gilkes' arguments are far too diffident and gentlemanly to make any dent in their skulls. He even seems anxious not to annoy his opponents—as if opponents were meant for anything else!

But, right or wrong, none of this tells me what I, and many others, want to know—the real advantage of a school where the boys live and work, at a cost of £300 a year, over one with equal academic standards where the boys merely work free. Do they, away from the daily counter-influence of home life, acquire better *manners*, in the true sense of a consideration for, and sympathy with, the feelings of others? Do they have larger oppor-

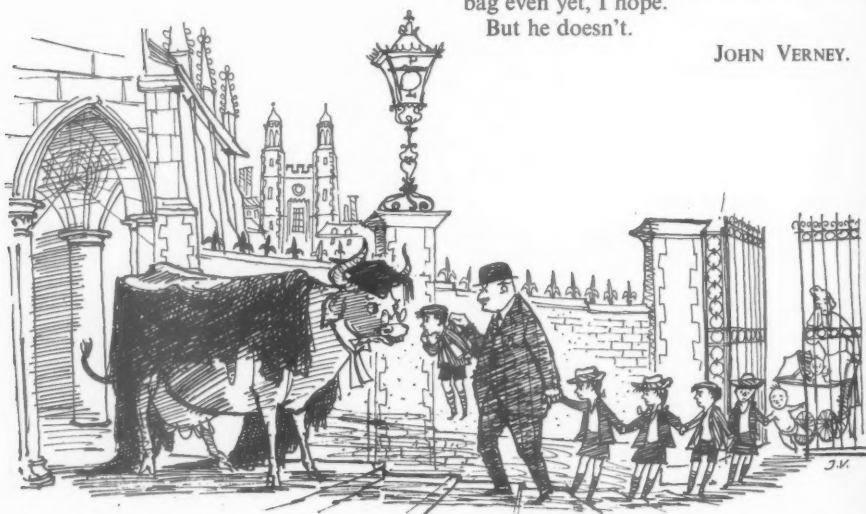
tunities to explore cultural and other interests out of school hours? Does being flogged by prefects help them to stand on their feet? What *are* the advantages? The point is, as Mr. Gilkes says, *what?* Apparently they are four—"the four pillars of education": the Christian religion; discipline (which means flogging, if I understand the obscurely worded paragraph); community spirit; and a readiness to accept responsibility.

That's all very well, but is there a State school in the country which couldn't claim as much? Evidently Mr. Gilkes suspects there isn't, for he hastily adds: "I do not mean that other schools do not have these aims," and then goes on to apologize, in a facetious sort of way, for attaching more importance to the school chapel than to the playing fields.

But by this stage in his book a slightly desperate note has entered Mr. Gilkes's voice, as with a public speaker who has dried up with twenty minutes still to run. "There must be, I know there was, something else I wanted to say," one can almost hear him thinking. And since by now I have grown fond of Mr. Gilkes and feel certain that he is an excellent headmaster, I am so embarrassed on his behalf I can hardly bear to wait till the end. Perhaps he'll pull something out of the bag even yet, I hope.

But he doesn't.

JOHN VERNEY.



BOOKS NEW AND OLD

GOLDEN LEAF*

By ERIC GILLETT

AS smoking has become a subject of controversy, it seems natural that Sir Compton Mackenzie should have chosen the present time for the publication of a panegyric, ecstatically entitled *Sublime Tobacco*. It is one of the very best of his eighty-one books, beautifully written, full of good stories and careful erudition, and calculated to send even the modest smoker scurrying off to the nearest tobacconist for an ounce of his favourite mixture, a packet of cigarettes, or a small cigar, taking a pinch of snuff on the way. Sir Compton has arranged his material ingeniously. The first and last sections are autobiographical. They are so good that they leave no doubts of the author's excellence in this medium. If he were to write an autobiography on the grand scale, in the manner of Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand*!, it would be as fascinating as that memorable work. At the age of four Sir Compton enjoyed his first cigarette. Before he was ten his father, discovering that the young addict was smoking cigar stubs in a Petersen pipe, gave him one of his largest cigars to smoke as a penalty. The traditional effect of one of these large torpedoes on every right minded small boy is so well known that Edward Compton felt that the worst consequences would follow. He was disappointed, and never offered his son another until he was twenty. The boy continued to smoke and, apart from an unfortunate incident when a St. Paul's master saw Mackenzie puffing at a cigarette in an interval of a performance of *The Gay Lord Quex* and set him to write out the *Bacchae* of Euripides in Greek with every accent as an imposition, he seems to have had no further trouble. To-day, at seventy-five, he agrees with Herrick, his favourite lyric poet, that tobacco "is the life of air, the air of life."

And as I murmur those words to myself there rises before the mind's eye the spectre of that non-smoking lackey of death in his lavatory attendant's uniform—Adolf Hitler. I have been fair. I have cited examples of non-smokers to whom the world owes much. I have made it clear I recognize that human greatness may be displayed by one who never smoked so

much as half a Woodbine cigarette. I do not propose to attribute the evil that was Hitler to his antipathy against tobacco. Nevertheless, the ineluctable fact remains that the man who brought more misery to the world than any other human being hated smoking as in medieval days the Devil was held to hate holy water.

The historical section, containing the pith of the book, begins with the efforts of the Stuart Kings, naturally supported by Cromwell, to suppress the tobacco growers of the Cotswolds. In Europe and the United States, as in Asia, smokers were persecuted, and the cycle of fashions moves on from pipe to snuff, from snuff to the cigar, until finally the cigarette defeated all the rest with its popularity enormously increased by two World Wars. It remains to be seen what fresh forms of tobacco-taking the future will provide. I hope that they may find as sane and appreciative an enthusiast as Sir Compton Mackenzie to do justice to them. The new material can be added to future editions of *Sublime Tobacco*. It is too good a book to fall out of popular favour for many years to come, and the anti-nicotinites searching in it for ammunition to use against the smokers may find themselves won over to the pleasure they condemn.

In her first two books Lady Emily Lutyens

* *Sublime Tobacco*. By Compton Mackenzie. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Candles in the Sun. By Lady Emily Lutyens. Hart-Davis. 25s.

The Sea Dreamer. By Gérard Jean-Aubry. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Indigo Days. By Julian Trevelyan. Macgibbon and Kee. 18s.

The Irresistible Theatre. Vol. I. By W. Bridges-Adams. Secker and Warburg. 42s.

The Fine Art of Reading. By David Cecil. Constable. 18s.

Wyndham Lewis. A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy. By Geoffrey Wagner. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

Tomorrow is Mañana. By Shirley Deane. Murray. 18s.

Water, Water Everywhere. By Emily Kimbrough. Heinemann. 21s.

The Spotted Deer. By J. H. Williams. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Collected Poems. By Edith Sitwell. Macmillan. 25s.

showed a rare talent for autobiography and reminiscence. In her latest book, *Candles in the Sun*, she shows that she can recollect in tranquillity and with great humour the period of twenty years in her middle life when she was an ardent Theosophist. There will be very few better autobiographical books in 1957 than this one, and certainly there will be no more attractive portrait of a tolerant husband than the one the author paints here of her famous husband, Edwin Lutyens. He must have been a model of self-restraint and patience, continuing, as he did, to write affectionate letters to his wife as she darted about the world in the entourage of Mrs. Besant, Krishnamurti (for whom she had an overpowering maternal affection), and other much less agreeable followers of the new faith. It was only when Lady Emily took an active interest in the Home Rule for India movement that Sir Edwin, then designing the new Delhi, wrote to her to point out that if she came to the country on a political mission, he supposed he would have to "chuck Delhi . . . which will spell ruin for us." This did the trick.

Lady Emily excels at what the Americans call dead-pan humour. Indeed, she has been wise to tell her story without comment because the goings-on of the Theosophists were so ludicrous, so tainted with charlatanism that any attempts to explain them would be superfluous. The story of Krishnamurti is a pathetic one. Chosen by the Theosophists as their coming Messiah, he seems to have been a very normal boy, devoted to his brother Nitya, who died young, and passionately interested in cinemas, theatres, and motor cars. He was destined to disappoint his selectors as he left the movement in order to "seek a truth so pure that it rises above the turmoil of human emotions." Lady Emily no longer agrees with his teaching, but in her final sentence she names him "the perfect flower of humanity."

The "Life" of Joseph Conrad cannot be written yet in a manner that will do justice to one of the most astonishing performers in the history of literature. To call M. Gérard Jean-Aubry's *The Sea Dreamer*, which has been translated from the French by Helen Sebba, a "definitive" biography is a mistake. It is some years since the author brought out a "Life and Letters" of Conrad, and unless my memory plays me false, there is not a great deal of new material in *The Sea Dreamer*. The book offers plenty of facts, but as Mr. E. H. Visiak and others have shown, the

personality of the Polish writer was elusive, extremely difficult to capture and present satisfactorily to the reader. An hour's conversation with the late Sir Hugh Clifford told me more about Conrad than numerous critical and biographical writings have done. One thing M. Jean-Aubry makes clear. Conrad's powers of concentration were as extraordinary as his determination. Day after day he would sit before his writing pad for hours on end, turning out only a few sentences which had to be scrapped. In Conrad's pictures of sad and tortured human creatures there is often a sense of strain and uneasiness which affect the reader almost physically. It is the result of the author's own struggles for the objects of his creation and his resolve to express himself fully and with complete integrity in a language which he was never able to speak with perfect ease.

Mr. Julian Trevelyan's paint-happy reminiscences, *Indigo Days*, show that, like most of his distinguished family, he can write extremely well, and he careers briskly through thirty years or more of his entertaining life as a painter, splashing down brightly coloured impressions prodigally so that the reader glimpses all kinds of literary and artistic celebrities without getting to know any of them well. Many years ago Roger Fry inspected some of Mr. Trevelyan's boyish drawings, and commented sadly, "Too bright. No spatial relationships in the colours," and Mr. Trevelyan now feels that he was right. It is a criticism that might be applied to *Indigo Days*, though no one would wish him to omit a line of his entertaining experiences as a camouflage officer during the last war, or his mission across Central Africa to the Middle East. There is an account of a lecture given by the author to a thousand Pioneers in a Hastings cinema which deserves a place among the classic war stories of official imbecility. Just as Mr. Trevelyan began to speak the Pioneers donned gas masks, through which one can see almost nothing and hear less. "It's an order of the C.O.," explained their officer in reply to Mr. Trevelyan's remonstrations. "Every Monday between eleven-thirty and twelve, whatever they are doing, they must wear their respirators." The lecture continued, and "a thousand gas-masks glared at me, and my voice was drowned by the cumulative hissing of a thousand breaths."

Anyone who remembers as clearly as I do the wonderful work done by Mr. W. Bridges-Adams for the theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was director of the Memorial

Theatre for many years and elsewhere, will greet with respect anything he writes about it.

The Irresistible Theatre: From the Conquest to the Commonwealth is the first of two books designed to introduce the general reader to the history of the English stage in all its aspects, "the play in script and on the boards, the player and his quality, the playhouse and its trappings and economy, with such suggestions of historical and social background as may here and there be helpful." The author needed such a work when he was young, and modestly feels there may still be a use for one. It is a vast, most ambitious undertaking, and I doubt whether Mr. Bridges-Adams will be able to complete it in two books. Of its value and consistent interest there can be no question at all. He can write with the practical knowledge of the stage and its problems which sustained Granville Barker in his Shakespearean prefaces. Skimming through 430 pages of "fact, theory and comment," with appropriate illustrations, I felt as if I was listening to exceptionally well-informed table-talk, a stimulating survey ending with a sane and illuminating section of the Elizabethans.

It is the author's intention to bring his book up to the present century, and one hopes he will have something to say about Mr. John Osborne and other of the exceptionally promising young dramatists of the day.

In his latest collection of essays and lectures, *The Fine Art of Reading*, Lord David Cecil stands forth unashamedly as a champion of the older school of critics, who derive their methods principally from Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, though it is significant that he chose as the subject of his Rede lecture at Cambridge, "Walter Pater."

Pater was a rare hybrid. "Scholar-artist," Lord David calls him, and adds that Pater did not take off the green tie of the artist when he put on the broadcloth of the don. "All his most precious and memorable experiences were aesthetic experiences." He was a man who, in appreciating the principle of beauty in the work of other writers, added to it a manifestation of his own. It is true that Pater's prose style may be touched with qualities which are languid and spiritless, but they spring from his own contradictory and nervous temperament.

Members of the new school of analytical criticism, who are more interested in scientific investigation, of what the author writes than in why he makes his appeal, will probably find Lord David's expositions amateurish and inconclusive. He does not write uniformly well,

but he has the knack which Raleigh and "Q" possessed of making you want to read the authors he discusses, and that will always remain for me the most valuable function of the critic-professor.

Mr. Geoffrey Wagner's *Wyndham Lewis: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy* is almost staggeringly erudite and allusive. Percy Wyndham Lewis was a difficult writer who has been much underestimated, but I doubt that Mr. Wagner's book will win many new readers for him. Here is the new criticism in full blast. It is a most impressive performance if one considers it as a technical feat. Footnotes spatter the pages. References to source material abound. There is a detailed "check-list" of the author's writings and of references to them.

Tarr, which I still regard as Lewis's best and most readable novel, came out in 1918. His more pretentious works, *The Apes of God* and *Childermass*, peppered with obscurities, will no doubt be the subjects of academic theses for years, but *Tarr*, hailed by *The Times* on its appearance in 1918 as "a document that in its utter nihilism out-Dostoevskyed Dostoevsky," and by Robert Nichols as "a date in literature" is a brilliant novel, even though the author does not pay much attention to the usual narrative conventions. It is worth reading if only for the remarkable character of Otto Kreisler, and Mr. T. S. Eliot was not far wide of the mark when he called him "the most fascinating (fictional) personality of our time." He should not be neglected to-day.

So many books about Spain are coming out that there is a possibility that *Tomorrow is Mañana* may be neglected. I hope not because it is one of the best of them, not in any sense a "travel" book, but a sympathetic account by an able writer, Miss Shirley Deane, of the life of a small village, Pueblo, in Andalusia, where the author with her artist husband and their two boys took a house. A few years ago Miss Deane wrote *Rocks and Olives*, the portrait of an Italian village. This was very good, but *Tomorrow is Mañana* is even better. Miss Deane is an Australian who has a natural sense of perspective. She is not given to sentiment or rhapsody. With a vivid descriptive power she sets down what she gets to know about the villagers, especially the poor people, whose pride and courage are beyond praise.

The central character is Hermosa, the cook, a Rabelaisian lady, who sweeps through the book under full sail, brushing aside people and obstacles of every kind with careless ease. No

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Juggernaut, it appears, could have resisted Hermosa. In cafés and circuses she wangles the best seats for "The Family," in addition to providing them with perfectly cooked meals on a shoe-string budget. The local priest's activities are described with some irony and so is the eagerly anticipated visit of the Caudillo. Miss Deane is scrupulously fair in her account of the Régime and some of its manifestations:

The Government policy of film censorship, which amuses and irritates educated Spaniards in the cities, unwittingly sanctions such inclinations in the villages. Once a week a film is shown in Pueblo, invariably an American film with Spanish dubbing. But if the film concerns adultery, which is one of the many subjects forbidden by the censor, the dialogue is changed to indicate that the lovers are brother and sister. The "brother" and "sister" go off hand in hand behind the rocks while the waves break on the shore, and incest, by implication, replaces adultery—not, one would have thought, a striking moral improvement. Once I saw a film where the hero made a bold suggestion to the heroine, and while her American head on the screen nodded a happy assent, her Spanish voice said, "No!"

The strongest impression made by the book is the grinding poverty of the people of Pueblo and their ability to enjoy themselves in spite of it, given almost any opportunity. A rousing account of the annual fair ends a book which should be read by anyone who wants to find out what life under the régime means for the Andalusian villagers, and how bravely they support it. The author's husband, Mr. Malcolm Horsley, has contributed some pleasant line drawings.

I have not previously read any of the travel books by a pleasant American writer, Miss Emily Kimbrough, whose *Water, Water Everywhere* is her ninth published work. She is an intrepid, tireless tourist, who mentions her grandchildren casually as she describes how she charts a motor-boat and without any experience propels it up and down the Thames, coming to no mishap.

With three companions Miss Kimbrough set off to Greece, the Aegean Islands, Yugoslavia, and finally England, where she whizzed round the southern counties, "taking in" as many cathedrals in a fortnight as most English people do in a lifetime. She also put in a visit to Mrs. Pandit, who told her exactly what she thought of American curries, saw the swan-uppers on the Thames, and spent a night or two in "Oxford Town," which she reached by way of "Sanford lock."

Miss Kimbrough moves so fast and so eagerly that she may be forgiven little inaccuracies. She has the great gift of enjoyment and she knows how to pass it on. *Water, Water Everywhere* is definitely not a book for the highbrow. The general reader will enjoy it and may profit by it because the author adds a "List of Helpful Hints," ranging from a "Medicine Kit" to a selection of restaurants and travel agencies in Athens. The author is, in fact, quite a girl.

Colonel J. H. Williams won immediate popularity with *Elephant Bill* and confirmed his reputation with *Bandoola*. Elephants play their part in his new book *The Spotted Deer*, which I found even more fascinating than its predecessors. A glance over the stern of an east-bound liner is all I have ever seen of the Andaman Islands, but I have always wanted to know something about them, and *The Spotted Deer* answers most of the questions anyone will care to ask. It begins in the Burmese teak forests with Colonel Williams waiting for a young recruit he is to take on a tour of his forest area. It was an eventful trip and led to illness and a voyage to the Andamans by way of convalescence. It proved to be a strenuous affair, a survey to discover whether there was good timber and whether elephants could be used to remove it. Convicts in the penal settlement were to act as bearers and Colonel Williams chose as his personal servant Tun Gyaw, who was serving a life sentence there for having tried to murder him in Burma. It turned out to be an excellent choice, and the author also found out that by treating the convicts, sentenced most of them for crimes of violence, as trustworthy people, they soon became responsive to his firm kindness.

In the middle of the jungle the party came across a spotted deer with his does. The animals moved towards the author and the buck finally came on until his muzzle touched the back of his hand and the buck's tongue shot out and licked it. The does followed and the animals surrounded them until one of the Burmese spoke, and in a flash the deer were off.

The Spotted Deer is a most engaging book and Colonel Williams was right to include in it an account of the extraordinary survival of the crews and passengers of the troopships *Briton* and *Runnymede*, wrecked on the Andaman coast in 1844. These two transports from opposite quarters of the globe were lost on shore within a quarter of a mile of each other, each possessing stores which the other lacked. The story had a happy ending, as a

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small boat sent to bring help was successful and all the castaways were taken off safely with the exception of a few casualties who had died in the islands.

Mr. Stuart Tresilian has contributed some charming drawings to this well-produced book.

"My poems," Dame Edith Sitwell writes in the Prefatory Notes to her *Collected Poems*, "are hymns to the glory of Life." It is a commendable assertion and anyone who has been fortunate enough to hear Dame Edith read verse will not need to be told that she approaches her own and other writers' work with reverence and enthusiasm. It is an irresistible combination. Her poems gain greatly when they are read aloud, as all poetry should.

Dame Edith has travelled a long and lovely road between her early, delightful fantasticalities and the noble, moving *Elegy for Dylan Thomas*. Her lengthy notes provide an illuminating guide to her method, the meaning of her use of rhythms and intricate verbal patterns. It might almost be taken as a "Young Person's Guide to Poetic Method," but no novice should be rash enough to attempt to follow in the footsteps of Dame Edith Sitwell.

ERIC GILLET.

ISLAND-LOVERS

CYPRUS. A PORTRAIT AND AN APPRECIATION.

By Sir Harry Luke. *Harrap*. 21s.

BITTER LEMONS. By Lawrence Durrell. *Faber*. 16s.

IN the opening chapter of E. M. Forster's *A Room with a View* we find this passage about his heroine: "Lucy . . . taking up Baedeker's *Handbook of Northern Italy* committed to memory the most important dates of Florentine History. For she was determined to enjoy herself on the morrow." And, living as she did before 1914, she could not possibly enjoy Santa Croce and the Giotto frescoes without knowing something of the background against which they were created. Lucy was certainly no exception; any well-brought-up person of those days would read widely before going abroad and would not venture across the Channel without at least one guide book. Travel was still an adventure even as near home as Italy, where the least of the terrors was the things you might find in your bed, an adventure for which you had to

be prepared materially with pills and under-the-skirt wallets and mentally with a comprehensive course in history and art.

To-day we most of us tend to be less careful and less prepared for our travels. For one thing we have not the time to do all the reading we should like to do in our rushed lives, for another, travel is made so easy for us that much of the magic is taken out of it. There is little difference whether we get into the motor-coach at Glasgow which is to take us to Rome and back, or whether we are smoothly decanted by a turbo-prop magic carpet in Nicosia. It is something to be taken as a matter of course, like the whisky and soda over Capri.

So it happens that many who land in Cyprus know little of the island in which they arrive and some may live there for months or even years without acquiring more local knowledge than the way to the bathing beach in summer and the ski run at Troodos on Mt. Olympus in winter. If they are people with any responsibility for the government of the island such an attitude of mind is a tragedy not only for themselves, but also for the island and the people whom they govern.

Sir Harry Luke and Lawrence Durrell are both as far away from such types as the priest from the commissar. Sir Harry Luke is one of the brightest stars in the band of names known to all familiars of the Middle East and is representative of the finest tradition of scholarly British officials. Wherever he has served, and the list includes Cyprus, Palestine, Malta and the Western Pacific, he has delved into the past and written charmingly and eruditely about it. He is not only a Middle East expert in the narrow sense of that term as it is used to-day, but he is also rooted in the cultures of the more Western parts of the Mediterranean. Such a man is admirably fitted to describe Cyprus, the meeting-ground of civilizations.

Lawrence Durrell, too, is no ordinary traveller. A poet of some renown, a lover of Greece and its language, he also has been an official, though this has been more by accident and economic pressure than design. Heaven forbid, harking back to Baedeker, that Sir Harry Luke should be likened to that pedantic sage, but his delightful passages of description of historic and mythical places could be used as guides. Durrell, on the other hand, who is much more interested in the people and their motives, could be likened to that other character in Forster's book, Miss Lavish, who takes away Lucy's Baedeker and

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undertakes to show her the real Florence; darting through an archway

she stopped and she cried: "A smell! a true Florentine smell! Every city, let me teach you, has its own smell."

"Is it a very nice smell?" said Lucy, who had inherited from her mother a distaste to dirt.

"One doesn't come to Italy for niceness," was the retort; "one comes for life. Buon giorno! Buon giorno! . . . Take the word of an old woman, Miss Lucy: you will never repent of a little civility to your inferiors. *That* is the true democracy."

Durrell, rather a more realistic democrat one suspects than Miss Lavish, introduces us to many types of Cypriots who are real personalities and become our friends. He says in his preface:

I have tried to illustrate the unfolding of the Cyprus tragedy through my characters and evaluate it in terms of individuals rather than policies, for I wanted to keep the book free from the smaller contempts. . . .

And he succeeds admirably. Through him and his friendships we learn the "smell" of the island and the workings of the minds of the inhabitants who cultivate the art of "having a sit" in the coffee-shops up and down the island.

Unfortunately most of us are likely, when the word Cyprus comes up, to think of its history only in the terms of the past few years of disorder and bloodshed. We should be wiser if we bore in mind the reminder of Sir Harry Luke that

Cyprus has the distinction of the longest political and cultural history in the British Commonwealth and Empire, a history longer than that of Malta with its Stone Age temples, longer than that of Ceylon, than that of India. Its records begin with the great Egyptian Pharaoh Tethmesis (Thothmes) III, who conquered the island about the middle of the fifteenth century B.C.

Long before then the Gods sported on Olympus and Aphrodite rose from the waves near Paphos. Here she mourned

the spring-god Adonis, gored by a jealous boar. From her bleeding feet as she hastens through the thickets to her wounded lover grows the wild rose with its delicate pink; from the deeper sanguine of his life-blood, ebbing away as the lad lies dying in the arms of his goddess, springs the tender anemone of the opening year.

Though many unlearned visitors to the island may know of Aphrodite only the white wine called after her, she is still deep in the life of the island, enshrined in its lingering tradi-

tions. Those who visit the church of "Panagia Aphroditissa", near the ancient shrine of the Goddess at Kouklia, are paying homage to "Our Lady of Aphrodite," while the spectators of the waterside Whitsun festivity of "Kataklysmòs" (the Deluge) at Larnaca or Limassol are perpetuating the custom of the virgins of Paphos, who bathed before sacrificing their maidenhood to the shrine of the mother-goddess. Sir Harry Luke leads us skilfully and with ever-maintained interest through the procession of Cyprus history: Kittim, great-grandson of Noah, who gave his name not only to Kition (Larnaca), but to the whole island in Old Testament times, Phoenicians and Zeno the Stoic, Greek kings of Salamis, Byzantines, Crusaders, Lusignans, Venetians, Turks, they all and many more file past in an orderly procession. Last of all come the British, and we learn from the pen of a fair and impartial official where the faults have lain on all sides, where there has been neglect or laudable construction. At least it is clear that no one political party is to be blamed, no one government, and that we shall make no progress if we waste time in trying to apportion responsibility.

Anyone who intends to read both of these books, as any lover of Cyprus should, would do well to read Sir Harry Luke first. With that background he can better smell the smells of the island, smells of kebab and thyme, of carob and ouzo, which are brought to him by the delicate yet vigorous prose of Lawrence Durrell. Against that background the enthusiastic and passionate schoolboys and girls of the Nicosia Gymnasium will be more readily understood. With an eye cast back at the history of the island we shall have more patience with the turbulent priests, and we shall be the more ready to join Durrell with the builder, the farmer, and the village Mukhtar in a drink beneath the Tree of Idleness or in Clito's tavern.

Both these books should be widely read. They should be read by the soldiers who police the island; by gaining knowledge their patience will be increased. They will learn that there is a long history of culture and politics behind the people with whom they have to deal, and that the ancestors of the gentleman referred to as "the Cyp" had a culture long before our forebears discovered woad. They should be read in Whitehall, in Westminster and in Fleet Street, so that all who write or speak on the subject may know that there is no facile solution to the "Cyprus problem," which has been allowed to unfold

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through an unhappy succession of blunders and neglects, and that in an island which has had Love and Passion for its deity you cannot proceed with cold logic dictated by the needs of the great God Defence. If these lessons are learnt the two authors will earn redoubled thanks from the lovers of Cyprus, who will in any case be only too happy to welcome the books for the joy they bring of scenes and friends remembered.

RALPH POSTON.

GERMAN WITH A DIFFERENCE

THE AUSTRIAN ODYSSEY. By Gordon Shepherd. *Macmillan*. 30s.

AUSTRIA is probably the country about which more that is mythical and less that is factual is known than any other in Europe. The popular conception of the lazy, good-natured peasant, quaintly dressed in indescribably dirty *lederhosen* (incidentally one of the most practical forms of wear for anyone engaged in hard manual labour) has been carried back to this country by generation after generation of tourists. For those who have been to Vienna, they have no doubt that the whole city is just a memorial to the gay days of Franz Joseph I.

Certainly there is a grain of truth in these myths, but only a grain. The Austrians are essentially a happy people, and certainly, having attained a reasonable standard of living, they do not strain to get more, but settle down to enjoy what they have. Yet they are definitely not lazy; I remember in the depths of winter some five years ago visiting the upper works on the great Kaprun Dam—of which this book has some excellent photographs—and being amazed to see men working in conditions which the British trade unionist would not have looked at.

It is to correct the myth about Austria that Mr. Shepherd has written this very valuable book. He is probably just about the best man to do it, having been in Vienna for the last twelve years, yet not of it. Perhaps the only criticism of his credentials that might be made is that he never knew Austria before, but he has clearly immersed himself so deeply in her history that this lack of personal knowledge is not noticeable.

For the English reader the most startling thing which he has to reveal is that it is only through the trials of the last twenty years that Austria has become a nation at all. The old

Austria of White Horse Inn and all that was merely four provinces of the great Empire joined together only by the bond of common language and by common loyalty to the same Sovereign. The twenty years of the First Republic were so marked by communal strife and the continual longing of many Austrians for a Greater Germany, of which they would be a part, that it never became a nation; only an area enclosed on a map.

The *Anschluss* cured most Austrians of pan-Germanism, and it is in discussing this period that Mr. Shepherd makes his most valuable contribution. This book gives the first real account—albeit a sketchy one—of the Austrian Resistance, which, for some reason, has been consistently denied its due. It was a Resistance under great difficulties, and liable to constant betrayal, but the stories which Mr. Shepherd tells, particularly of Hubert Sauerwein, the engine driver of Oetzthal, kidnapping quantities of Austrian soldiers on the Brenner railway line and taking them off to form a resistance group, at last give the Austrian Resistance Movement its proper place in history.

Mr. Shepherd fears that it is only adversity that stimulates the Austrian to his greatest effort, and now that the war and occupation are over, the new-found unity and soul of the country may be lost. He fully recognizes, as all must do, the necessity for the Coalition Government which has governed Austria since the war, but he has grave fears for the future if the Coalition goes on much longer, for it is not only reducing Parliamentary Government to a farce, but is having a very unfortunate effect on the Civil Service, where all appointments are strictly rationed between the parties.

For the many who know and love Austria, this book will increase their knowledge and, I hope, their love. For those who do not, it is a story of great courage, the story of how a nation found its soul. And the nation is one of the most attractive in the world.

PETER KIRK.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

SECRETS OF SUEZ. By Merry and Serge Bromberger. *Sidgwick and Jackson*. 12s. 6d.

THE book by the Bromberger brothers will be included in future bibliographies of the Suez crisis not because of the secrets which it claims to reveal—which by that time

may have been disclosed more thoroughly and accurately—but because it illustrates the French temper at that time. This was very different from that of the British Government.

Eden was the Macbeth of the crisis, willing the end but squeamish about means; France was the Lady Macbeth, ready to take the instant way, which was co-operation with Israel. The British Government wanted its war with Egypt to be kept discreetly apart from Israel's. (The Brombergers say that General Stockwell remarked that if he found an Israeli liaison officer in Cyprus he would "personally strangle him.") The French wanted Israel as a comrade in arms. (The Brombergers say that they sent Israel air support from Cyprus from under the very nose of the unsuspecting British.) The book is an affirmation by the French that they shared battle honours with Israel in the Sinai War and in the capture of the Egyptian destroyer; when it was published Israel did not relish the claim.

For France the whole operation was really an extension of the war in Algeria, designed to remove the Egyptian danger on the flank. The operation came to grief, and the Bromberger brothers console themselves by trying to demonstrate that it might have succeeded if Eden had agreed with France—and had defied the world, outraged Asia, broken the Commonwealth, and caused another devaluation of sterling.

GUY WINT.

Novels

THE HIRELING. L. P. Hartley. *Hamish Hamilton*. 13s. 6d.

A USE OF RICHES. J. I. M. Stewart. *Gollancz*. 13s. 6d.

THE MICKY HUNTERS. Alexander Baird. *Heinemann*. 13s. 6d.

THE ANIMAL GAME. Frank Tuohy. *Macmillan*. 15s.

THE ROCK. Warren Tute. *Cassell*. 16s.

KNOCK AND RING. Michael Nelson. *Cape*. 15s.

THE WORLD'S GAME. Hugh Thomas. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 15s.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS. Renée Massip. *Chatto and Windus*. 16s.

FURNISHED FOR MURDER. Elizabeth Ferrars. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.

THIS month's novels are well diversified. Do not be misled by my batting order. My best all-rounder goes in third wicket down, and if I put L. P. Hartley first it is

because he is one of our leading novelists, and though he is not at the top of his form in *The Hireling*, he certainly displays it in his capacity to invent and convey character. On this occasion his hero, a tough ex-N.C.O. who has turned owner-hackney carriage driver, is wholly satisfying. But of the other persons (virtually only three) the most important seems to me to slip out of character when, on her first encounter with Leadbitter, she makes him her confidant. The author knows his characters best? If so, I submit that this one is unconvincing. Here then is a weakness in the plot, which has another flaw: not only is the author driven to melodrama for the solving of the problem which he has posed, but he also relies too much upon coincidence. The ease and the style of his writing, however, and above all the vigorous originality of Leadbitter, carry the reader unperturbed over the patches of thin ice.

When a writer has won renown under one name as a writer of detective stories, he must expect to be told that his "straight" novels pay too much attention to plot. Assuredly plot does matter a great deal in *A Use of Riches*—so much so that to divulge it might be to take the edge off the reader's enjoyment; let me just describe it as a variation on the theme of *Buried Alive*. All the same, and though its climax is as melodramatic as L. P. Hartley's, the story advances for the most part at a leisurely pace, with the author, a scholarly stylist, displaying a nice knowledge of several worlds, including the art-dealer's. It is a considerable achievement of J. I. M. Stewart that he keeps the reader anxious to know how it all turns out yet untempted to skip. The characterization, however, failed to give me full satisfaction. The narration is from the standpoint of a banker presented as a conventional man. Had he indeed been that, his failure to convey (almost to attempt it) his and his wife's and the children's emotions in a frantic situation could perhaps be defended. But his conduct reveals him as something very different. This is to my mind a more serious flaw than the failure to breathe life into the genius-painter—even though it is about that that the whole story revolves.

I could have done with somewhat more plot than I discovered in *The Micky Hunters*—or perhaps I should say with better signposting of the way through it. My understanding is that the book relates the effects, physical and spiritual, upon three boys from a "special" school of their witnessing a nasty crime; and the investigation of their conduct

Novels

and adventures by a police officer who in mid-course and almost in the way of duty, has an affair with a councillor's wife. I am thus cautious because Alexander Baird slips in and out of reality without much warning; nor was I quite convinced by his child-psychology. But he is manifestly sincere, lively of imagination, and well aware of his objectives. I judge that this his first novel is the precursor of others which will firmly establish his reputation. A Micky, by the way, is, I learn, a pigeon; not that Mickies really have much to do with it.

Nor is there much plot in *The Animal Game*, but a good deal of crisp incident and apparently a lot of symbolism. The author of this first novel too is obviously talented, with a trend towards humour and realism rather than poetic sympathy. His book discloses the passions of a number of people of various nationalities; but I should never, unaided by the book-jacket, have understood the implication of the title, that their environment makes all the characters into tickets in a lottery. The environment, of which the atmosphere is well conveyed, is that depressing South America (actual country unstated) to which other writers have accustomed us. The characters are lifelike enough, but too many failed to hold or even catch my interest. My conclusion is that Frank Tuohy will do better with less symbolism and more satire—his natural line of country, I conjecture.

With relief I came to a massive novel with little pretension to psychological subtleties or sophistries but a stalwart determination to provide a spirited, down-to-earth yarn—indeed, collection of yarns. In *The Rock* we are familiarized with life in Gibraltar from the eve of World War II to that of the North African landings. None of the episodes or persons (we are assured) is taken from life, but all might well have been. We survey the scene through various eyes: there are the dynamic new Governor, the Gibraltarian family with one daughter mismarried to a no-good Flag-Lieutenant, the worthy Destroyer Commander whose marriage too is unhappy, the Anglophobe Cypriot journalist who has an affair with the other Barbarossa girl, the Chief Security Officer. . . . We are not merely shown Gibraltar, we witness also the private loves and hates of these and others. Warren Tute has skilfully used the fortress not only as a character in its own right and as a unifying background, but also as a natural provider of realistic episodes and people. I found this an improvement on his best-seller, *The Cruiser*.

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JOHN MURRAY

Michael Nelson has been a bookseller and has taken part in the "rings". These he richly describes in his first novel, *Knock and Ring*, though not quite with Wolf Mankowitz's near-nauseating realism. But the Nelson touch is sure and amusing. To the revelations of the buying racket is added a bunch of most entertaining characters, such as Bert Riley the successful provincial dealer, or the wealthy eccentric (sometimes over-eccentric) Angus Macaulay, friend to the modest bookseller who hopes for a great coup in the Etchingham sale. Unfortunately the author seems not to have decided what to make the main current of his book; or perhaps his creatures got out of hand. Whatever the explanation, its construction is the novel's weakness.

There is also some uncertainty of purpose about *The World's Game*. It attempts to combine a satirical account of modern diplomacy as practised by our Foreign Office with the tender story of a youthful diplomat's love for his chief's wife and his devotion to the cause of peace. It is not a very comfortable combination, chiefly because the satire scarcely comes off. The realism, ironic as it is, of the Whitehall scenes is likelier to bore than to amuse the uninitiated. It seems to me that Hugh Thomas, having been one of the Downing Street lot, has written a family diversion which leaves the outsider uncertain when to laugh and when to cry.

There is no uncertainty about *The Schoolmistress*, in which a girl relives her childhood and adolescence with the harsh, domineering schoolmistress who was her mother. The book (excellently translated by Cecily Mackworth) is as ruthless as the dead woman—in its analytical examination of the past and its presentation of the episodes upon which the analysis rests. It will be perceived that Renée Massip has a strictly limited objective; she certainly attains it.

I cannot, alas, report that Elizabeth Ferrars is at her best in *Furnished for Murder*. Even if allowance is made for a plot not so much drawn from life as designed for the purpose of a detective story, it is reasonable these days to expect compensations of character and style. The characters here are dull, and as for the style—well, consider this: "He was smiling and his voice was light, but his slight body was tense and his eyes, as he looked round at them all, were wary and on the defensive." Can you compass that, whatever your figure!

MILWARD KENNEDY.

Art

NATIONAL COLLECTING TO-DAY

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

IN Canada the Government has deliberately set about the purchase of European paintings from Fürst Liechtenstein's family collection for their National Gallery. And the gradual transfer of masterpieces from Vaduz to Ottawa marks an act of policy without parallel in the history of public collecting, although of course eclipsed in importance by such private ventures as the purchase of the Mantua pictures for Charles I of England. Even Mr. Mellon's purchase of those pictures from the Hermitage, which now adorn the National Gallery of Washington, offers no true precedent.

By the decision of its Government a nation's holding of pictures has already been notably enriched. Nevertheless nobody involved in this far from simple operation deceives themselves as to what can still be achieved in the mid-20th century even by collecting on this scale. For were the most treasured of the possessions that remain hanging in the Liechtenstein Gallery—the Leonardo portrait of *Ginevra Benci* and the double portrait by Rubens of his two sons—allowed, ultimately, to Canada's great benefit, to leave Vaduz at some world-resounding price, the collection at Ottawa could still never hope to rival for richness of representation our own collection in London, with its lead of a century and more abundant opportunities. The National Gallery—and no nation but ours can talk acceptably of its national gallery without some specification of place—continues to have, if only by its unmatched wealth in all Renaissance schools, the best chance to remain supreme in the Western world as a comprehensive collection of painting.

The financial needs of the National Gallery as a purchasing body should certainly by now have been impressed both upon the Treasury and the public, whose attendance mounts to about 900,000 visits a year. There have been the reports from the Trustees for 1938-54 and for January 1955 to June 1956, and broadcasts and articles in support of their modest claims. Yet the absurdly inadequate grant has scarcely been increased. In 1880 £10,000 was allowed for purchases, one hundred thousandth part of the net income of

the nation. In 1955 the £12,500 allowed represented one millionth part only. It remains to be seen what wise generosity may come from the Treasury's general review of the finances of museums and galleries in Great Britain. Nothing much less than £150,000 a year for the National Gallery, with the right to accumulate, will remedy the situation in a world of inflationary prices and of a diminishing number of masterpieces outside public collections that can ever be available for sale. In the words of the Waverley Committee, "All efforts to preserve our national heritage will be largely migatory, unless the meagre sums hitherto available for the maintenance and development of the public collections are very substantially augmented." At present the total annual income for purchases, including income from trust funds, remains not much more than £20,000. Compared with the sums that the Canadian Government is prepared to spend on acquiring paintings this is pitiful indeed.

The situation, so far as it involves acquisitions of pictures from private collections inside Great Britain, has been ameliorated by the Finance Act of 1956. And the Powis *Pietà*, by Rogier van der Weyden, a small masterpiece of superlative quality, is presumably the first only of several treasures to be traded from various great estates in lieu of death duties. The cleaning of this picture at the National Gallery, so far from harming it as many critics of the Gallery's restorers in past years might so reasonably have feared, has revealed its full beauty in a marvellous state of preservation. Such a painting on the open market could have been very costly indeed. The nation, however, can hardly rely on unbroken good fortune in acquiring outstanding masterpieces at comparatively modest prices.

The National Gallery indisputably needs help, and that urgently. But it could also help itself a little more than it does. Not every picture nowadays that is worth the Gallery's acquiring necessarily costs an enormous sum. To give one recent example, the deeply moving *Dead Christ supported by Angels*, by Liberale da Verona, a work by that most interesting master, which is both in remarkably fine condition and of a kind so far unrepresented in the collection, was sold at Sotheby's last season for £2,100. And this price may even seem a bargain, Expressionism in painting being now in fashion and men ready to give £7,000 at auction for a Soutine. Conversely, not all pictures for which ransom

prices are demanded are worth the Gallery's acquiring. Whereas there may be scarcely an upper limit to what is worth paying for Cézanne's *La Veille au Chapelet*, the price of £30,100 for the Greco *Adoration of the Name of Jesus*, even considered as the model for the altarpiece in the Escorial, seems more than a little extravagant. Looking at it now, it is clear that this little picture has at some time been too rigorously cleaned. And one may doubt whether its appearance now in the open market would be likely to fetch as much as half this purchase money. Had Colonel Stirling been left to find his price elsewhere, the National Gallery could perhaps have been more effective in preventing the Francois Clouet *Diane de Poitiers au Bain* from leaving this country for the National Gallery of Washington.

The August issue of *The Burlington Magazine* publishes with just praises two excellent new acquisitions: G-B. Tiepolo's model for *The Vision of (?) St. Clement*, a beautiful small picture which has remained unknown in America for some forty years before coming

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into the possession of Mr. Julius Weitzner; and *June, Jupiter and Io*, a work of the highest quality by Rembrandt's master, Lastman, which comes as a handsome present from Mr. Weitzner. Each of these pictures fills what was a notably gaping gap in the collection. In the same issue of *The Burlington*, the editor rightly points to the dearth of good 18th-century Venetian pictures, and to the even more inadequate choice of Italian pictures of the 17th century. His plea is to obtain one of the good Batoni portraits of Englishmen before these pictures also become rarities in English houses. Such a reminder of the need for action is never out of season. Miserably restricted means seem now for too long to have discouraged the National Gallery from going out to get whatever of real quality they might still get at modest prices. Forced to wait until famous masterpieces by major artists were already sold or ready for export, they seem not to have ventured even within their range to acquire say a really fine Poelenburgh or Couture, let alone examples of rarer masters who are not yet in the public eye. It would be reassuring to think that nothing of any consequence that appears on the London art market has been missed except by intention.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Mozart in Sussex

THE music of *Il Seraglio* was written at the same time as the Haffner Symphony in one of the busiest and most satisfactory phases of the composer's life. It exhibits that blessed Mozartian dichotomy—extreme taste and cleverness on the one hand, and on the other a readiness to accept *ad hoc* limitations which would not only have shocked Wagner to the core, but which would be regarded as intolerable by most operatic composers today. Because Mozart wanted to write an effective part for a coloratura soprano, he gives to Constanze, the captured Christian maiden, the only woman's aria in the first scene, and most of Act I, Scene ii, to berate the wretched Pasha for his extremely gentlemanly advances. The Pasha is, of course, a speaking part, as there was, at the time of composing, no suitable singer. Critics, I think rightly, regard this as an artistic fault, since the colloquy between the Pasha and Constanze becomes a completely one-sided affair, and the one solution

is to cover the Pasha's face with false hair so as to conceal the embarrassment, not to say boredom, of the wretched man condemned to undertake the thankless part. He might well have commented, "The lady doth protest too much."

In one of Mozart's most lively letters to his father he explains how he adapted his plot from the already existing *Zaide*, how he carpentered and patched an aria here, a piece of scoring there. What he did not then know was that in one character, Osmin, he had created a personality with a life of his own. As Shylock is to *The Merchant of Venice* so is Osmin to *Il Seraglio*. In the present Glyndebourne production, in which the principals are far from outstanding, the superb Osmin of Mihaly Szekely underlines the pre-eminence of the Bassa's overseer. This splendid Hungarian acts and sings everyone else off the stage. His deep bass is rich and unforced, his singing musical and authoritative. He seems ideally cast here as he is possessed (how rare in an operatic singer) of a sense of humour which cuts across the barriers of language and the centuries. In fact, he redeems what would otherwise be a workaday production with a performance that must rank amongst the best seen in post-war Glyndebourne.

It seems a pity in this instance to perform the opera in the original German. With so much spoken dialogue, the audience would clearly have benefited from an English version. The orchestra, under Paul Sacher, gave a polished performance of split-second accuracy, but it lacked the warmth and subtlety of phrasing which Mozart needs.

At the Proms

In August nothing much musical happens in London except the Proms. Why, we all wonder, so do many people, mostly young, come to swelter under the arc-lights of the Albert Hall, standing up or crushed under people's feet, to listen to two and a half hours of Bach or Brahms or Tchaikovsky? There are various answers. Tradition, a chance of doing the done thing, an opportunity for a good look at Sir Malcolm and Mr. Beard—all these play their part. But primarily it is because more and more people are enjoying serious music, and the biggest wallow of the whole year is provided by the Proms. It is the habit of people whose tastes are more esoteric than those of the promenaders to look askance at the performances, usually inadequately rehearsed, at the programmes, with their emphasis on tried favourites and cautious

Music

attitude towards experiment, and on the slightly embarrassing enthusiasm of the audience for the soloists. This attitude, though understandable enough, is to be deplored, not merely because sessions of classical music are good for "them," but because the Proms rightly emphasize the all-importance of what is being played, as opposed to how it is played. Quality of performance tends these days to be the only thing that matters. An excessive rubato in Brahms' Third Symphony, slightly less than 100 per cent. intonation in Mozart, and everyone goes into screaming hysterics. For me, and for many hundreds of others, a chance of hearing Brahms' Second Piano Concerto and Fourth Symphony one after the other is worth a great deal. If the performance is slightly ragged here and there, the orchestra is far too expert to allow a few faults to lead to any real trouble. The practice of giving over particular nights to particular composers is an excellent one, and Sir Henry Wood, who thought of it, understood as few concert impresarios now do, the musical needs of the large, inarticulate public on whom the future of good music in Britain now depends. In a word, promenaders come to the Albert Hall to be educated, to notch up reasonable familiarity with, to be dogmatic, the best music going.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

British Business To-day STATE OF THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

TOWARDS the end of May this year the tonnage of merchant shipping on order at U.K. yards reached the record figure of 7,011,000 tons gross. This just exceeded the previous highest total, recorded in June 1952. The figure for uncompleted work had been artificially swollen by the shipyard strike last March, but, even so, at the end of June the total was still most impressive at 879 ships of 6,952,000 tons gross.

These orders represent a value of over £955 million at to-day's shipbuilding prices, and, of the total, rather more than half of the tonnage relates to tankers. Foreign orders account for very nearly 22 per cent. of the total and will bring the country substantial earnings in foreign currency. These impressive

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figures, compiled by the Shipbuilding Conference, mean that, untoward happenings apart, almost all sections of the shipbuilding industry are assured of full employment into 1960. In the case of yards building very large tankers, bookings include vessels which will not be delivered until 1964-65.

The industry has good cause to be satisfied with its prospects as far as future employment is concerned, and the order book is considered to be a well-balanced one, containing a good variety and therefore ensuring that it will be possible to maintain suitable skilled labour forces in the many trades associated with shipbuilding. The "finishing" trades are a case in point. Tankers and other cargo vessels offer these workers only limited employment opportunities, but Britain is still the leading builder of passenger liners and also produces much shipping of a specialized nature. Our builders tend to cater for the individual requirements of shipowners; in many of the foreign shipbuilding countries there has been an increasing use of mass-production methods, leading to a very large degree of concentration on standard types of ships.

In this connection, although the competitive threat of the high rate of production from such countries as Japan must be recognized, it should also be borne in mind that, ton for ton, the value of British output is far higher.

An analysis of the industry's order book shows that tankers account for 52 per cent. of the total tonnage; dry-cargo vessels with speeds of less than 15 knots, 22 per cent.; dry-cargo vessels with speeds in excess of 15 knots, 11 per cent.; bulk ore carriers, 7 per cent.; passenger and passenger-cargo liners of over 20,000 tons gross, 3 per cent.; and passenger and passenger-cargo liners of less than 20,000 tons gross, 2 per cent. The balance is made up of coasting vessels of various kinds, colliers and miscellaneous craft.

As regards orders from abroad, it is true that some potential customers were attracted away from this country by the offer of quicker deliveries and beneficial financial arrangements in overseas yards which had been rebuilt after the war and were eagerly seeking orders. But the demand for new ships during these past few years has been such that very soon all yards were heavily booked, and, as delivery periods lengthened, shipbuilders in Germany, Japan and other countries lost some of their advantages.

In consequence, many shipowners, who in normal circumstances would choose British-

built ships, but had been forced by commercial considerations to take advantage of the earlier deliveries elsewhere, resumed their associations with builders in this country.

Thus, although the proportion of the total order book for foreign account is about 22 per cent., the intake of new business from abroad has been running at the rate of around 30 per cent. of all new orders received for nearly two years.

At the same time, while everything possible is done to foster export business, shipbuilding is different from other industries in that the part of its output absorbed by home-market customers will eventually earn or save for the country an amount of foreign exchange larger than the value of the tonnage involved.

The recession in the freight market in the first half of the year was not accompanied by a slowing down in ordering—though the rate maintained during the past two years cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. In the twelve months ended June 30, contracts were arranged for 384 ships of 2,913,000 tons gross; the figures for the previous two corresponding periods were 371 ships of 2,560,000 tons and 292 ships of 923,000 tons, respectively.

It is disappointing, though not altogether surprising, that in this obvious sign of strength is born what is probably the industry's main weakness. It is the complacent attitude exhibited by the labour force. The security implicit in the large volume of work in hand tends to obscure the importance of increasing the industry's competitive efficiency and has resulted in continuous demands for higher wages and easier working conditions.

Any ideas about "making the order book last" would be based on very dangerous ground; for it is only by keeping delivery periods as short as possible and giving clients high-quality ships at reasonable prices that future employment can be assured.

The fact is that the rate of output has not expanded as it should have done in such favourable circumstances. For some time inadequate deliveries of steel were the principal limiting factor, but the position has now improved and forward prospects for the supply of materials are brighter than for some time past. This will mean that any shortcomings in the performance of the labour force will become more apparent. What is required is an overall effort to ensure that the facilities now available in the shipyards are employed with the maximum efficiency. Millions of pounds are at present being invested in the expansion and re-equipment of the ship-

yards; the co-operation of the workers and their trades unions will be required to make the most of the opportunities that will be offered.

It is for this reason that the employers laid so much stress on the imposition of conditions during the last wage-claim negotiations. A severe reduction in wasteful and restrictive practices is necessary to enable shipyard workers to earn the higher pay they have demanded. Now the unions are turning their attention to a reduction of the working week to forty hours and increased holiday benefits. It would be a tragedy if the future prosperity of the whole industry were jeopardized by the anticipation of working conditions that will not be feasible for a long time to come.

Finance

By LOMBARD

THE past few weeks have been full of events which have created fears or uncertainties, both of which tend to depress stock markets or at least restrict the activities of investors. We have had reports of war-like actions in the Middle East, political crises in the U.S.A., a 20 per cent. devaluation of the French franc and rumours of revaluation of the pound amongst the major causes of a sharp and general decline in the market. The technical position in many sections was in any case due for a measure of correction—considerable numbers of speculative holders in a bull market, more especially in oil shares, and recent rises taking the levels to the point where yields were unattractive to the ordinary investor who needed a return on his money—so that when bad news came too many weak holders were scrambling to ease their positions.

Politics and Wall Street

I have noted more than once in these notes how the New York market is very sensitive to the state of the President's health or the tone of his public utterances. Mr. Eisenhower seems recently to have lost ground politically and this fact and the reasons for it, which have no doubt been the subject of much private discussion, has probably helped to engender that climate of opinion which has caused the Wall Street

market to falter. The Congressional setback to the President's programme for foreign aid indicated a serious problem for the White House policy of large-scale appropriations to combat Communism in other countries. Ike seemed to be losing command of the situation. At a critical point the news of important events in the Middle East which were patently to the advantage of Russia came to a troubled Secretary of State, and uncertainty crept around financial centres, causing nervousness amongst an investing public normally more sensitive than in this country. Price movements have been erratic and our London market in dollar stocks, and those sterling issues favoured by U.S. investors, has been similarly uncertain and upset. The usual business indicators have not been sufficiently encouraging to cause sustained buying, so the general uncertainty has been reflected in a continuation of the decline on Wall Street which has been in progress for some weeks. This has been reflected in London, where considerable sums have been going into American and Canadian stocks for many months.

Middle East Conflicts

The true meaning of the "internal dissensions" in Oman has sunk into the public mind and British armed intervention was seen to be a minor measure designed to prevent much more serious developments. It was, in fact, a skirmish in military terms, but of considerable importance in the ever-present oil war in which the Government and the whole of British, and, indeed, European industry have such a vital interest. When shots are fired, however small the scale of conflict, investors are apt to become nervous about the possibility of a "forest-fire" situation, and even if sellers do not appear in force buyers do not come forward, so that conditions are created in which a market landslide can occur.

This was the background situation in the oil market, coupled with the fact that many speculators held greater amounts of stock than their financial capacity truly permitted, when the news of Communist control in Syria became known. Though it was probably no more than an overt recognition of an existing situation, the drama of a military *coup*, with tanks in the streets and political leaders flying to urgent conferences, set smouldering fears alight. Many holders of oil shares rushed to sell. The prices of the leaders fell by shillings every hour in the

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

first scramble, but as we go to press there is a definite movement upward from the lowest levels. By the time these notes are in print the market will have reflected the turn of political events.

France Devalues

On August 10 the French Government announced measures which amounted to a 20 per cent. devaluation of the franc. This move had been openly discussed, unofficially, as being inevitable—and as openly denied officially, of course—so the consequences had been largely anticipated. The action intensified discussion of the whole problem of European currencies, however, especially in relation to the strength of the German Deutsche Mark. The subject will, it is believed, come before the September meeting of the International Monetary Fund authorities, and in anticipation of their consideration of the problem Continental operators have been selling transferable sterling on a large scale in exchange for German marks on the assumption that the mark will be revalued.

The pressure on sterling has been very great and large numbers of speculators have helped to increase it; this is because of a widespread conviction that valuation of the three chief European currencies must be reassessed in official terms in relation to each other and the dollar. As we go to press the German Government has announced that it has no intention of devaluing the D. mark—as the Treasury, with less flourish, recently denied any intention of devaluing the pound. An important factor is the imminence of the general election in Germany on the 15th of this month. "If Dr. Adenauer loses the election," said the *Financial Times*, "the whole problem of revaluation will probably disappear, and all that will be left will be a large body of dumbfounded speculators."

The German election will be followed by the I.M.F. Conference on the 24th of this month, so that there will be time for reflection before the whole problem is reviewed by the experts.

Gilts and Bond Washing

During August an officially inspired letter was sent to the market by the Stock Exchange Council warning dealers against the practice known as "bond washing." Briefly, this referred to the purchase of Government securities cum the dividend and the sale "ex" the dividend immediately afterwards. For technical reasons it was possible to claim

a dividend that had never been paid and at the same time set off the trading "loss" against tax assessment. These operations had been taking place on a large scale and special companies had even come into being for the purpose of carrying them out at the expense of the Treasury. Many millions of pounds were said to be involved. The action taken blocked the loophole and, because of the resultant diminution of activity in the market, caused a further weakening of gilt-edged prices. At the moment of writing Government stocks are completely friendless and War Loan has fallen to a record low point. A general revaluation of European currencies will affect the level of Government stocks, but until the answer is known there is not likely to be much activity.

LOMBARDO.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

FOR sheer beauty of orchestral tone, fine playing, and first-rate recording the performances of Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony (K.385) and Schubert's "Unfinished," by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Carl Schuricht, on Decca LXT5257, need not fear comparison with any competitive discs. One can put this record on for the enjoyment of friends without any of the slight anxiety that accompanies the playing of some of one's favourite discs that contain one or two weak spots. This one has none: one relaxes completely!

Having been told by a friend that the slow movement of Bruch's G Minor Violin Concerto always reminded him of me, I hastened to refresh my memory of the movement in Ruggiero Ricci's performance of the work with the L.S.O. conducted by Pierino Gamba, and trust that the comparison was meant to be complimentary! This very romantic but not profound movement is certainly beautifully played and so is the parallel one in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto on the reverse, and the outer movements of both works are equally well done. The recording, for once, slightly favours the orchestra in the matter of balance, but not unduly (Decca LXT5334).

I am partial to any music that recalls Rome, and Respighi's *Pines of Rome Suite* is, in

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Brahms In stiller Nacht; Wie Melodien
 zieht es mir; Ein Wanderer;
 Botschaft; Die Mainacht; Von
 ewiger Liebe;

Wolf Gesang Weylas; Alle gingen,
 Herz, zur Ruh'; Bedeckt mich
 mit Blumen; Tretet ein, hoher
 Krieger; Wie glänzt der helle
 Mond; Der Gärtner; Das verlassene
 Mägdlein; Elfenlied; Jägerlied
ELSA CAVELTI with
HANS WILLI HAEUSSLEIN
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Haydn Symphony No.102 in B flat major,
 Opus 98, No.2
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 conducted by
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the manner of highly coloured picture postcards, as powerfully evocative as the musically better *Fountains of Rome*. "The Pines of the Villa Borghese," depicting children at play in the pine grove is very charming and it is only the final movement, "The Pines of the Appian Way," that is somewhat pretentious. Casella's symphonic suite *La Giara*, on the reverse, is taken from a ballet of which the scenario is based on a Sicilian tale by Pirandello. The eight movements include a lively Sicilian dance and an attractive folk song, in a melancholy vein, sung by a tenor. The two works are well played by the Orchestra of the St. Cecilia Academy, Rome, conducted by Previtali, and the recording is excellent (Decca LXT5278).

Instrumental

Wanda Landowska, who will be eighty next year, gives us (on the piano) marvellous playing of two sonatas by Mozart (E flat major, K.282; D major, K.311) and four of her own transcriptions of the *Six Country Dances* for orchestra (K.606). In her important sleeve-note she alludes to the necessity of contemporary pianists studying "the resources and effects of 18th-century keyboard instruments and the manner of manipulating them" and creating on the modern piano "a special touch that will render the most faithful reproduction of the tonal aesthetics of Mozart's time." The player will thus be enabled to bring to the modern piano "the sweetness of the clavichord, the sharpness of the harpsichord, and the innumerable significant qualities of the pianoforte." Yes: if he is a Landowska. All this she achieves on a modern grand piano—not one of Mozart's day—in the most magical way, with wonderful ornamentations added at repeats, and the most eloquent phrasing and vital rhythm, added to which the recording is perfect. This is an absolutely enthralling disc (RCA RB16017).

Chamber Music

The Budapest String Quartet add to their valuable series of recordings of Beethoven's quartets the third, "Rasoumovsky" (C major, Op. 59) and the "Harp" (E flat major, Op. 74), which are up to their usual high standard (Philips ABL3157).

Opera

It is delightful to have at last a complete recording of Donizetti's enchanting, but now all too little known, opera *The Daughter of the Regiment* (every bit as tuneful as Don

RECORDS

Pasquale) with Lina Pagliughi singing at her lovely best, and admirably partnered by Cesare Valletti, Sesto Bruscantini and Rina Corsi, with the orchestra and chorus of the Milan Radio and Roberto Benaghi conducting (Cetra N1213: two 12 in.).

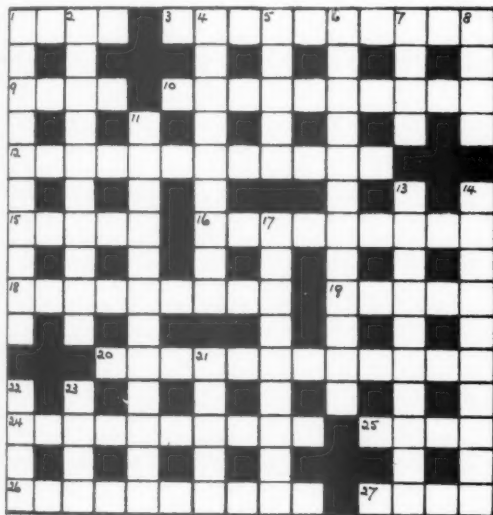
I am not a purist, but it seems to me that if Gluck had meant Orpheus to be sung by a baritone in the Paris version of the opera he would not have transposed the alto part of the Italian version for a tenor. Many, however, will admire Fischer-Dieskau's performance in the new D.G.G. issue, with Maria Stader, Rita Streich, and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fricsay. So fine an artist cannot altogether

fail, but there is much, to my mind, that is stylistically out of place—the magic of the god is missing (D.G.G. DGM18343-4).

Highly Recommended. The last scene (Trio and Duet) from *Der Rosenkavalier* exquisitely sung by Lemnitz, Trötschel, and Milinkovic (D.G.G. DGM30141). Bass arias from *Don Giovanni*, *Elopement from the Seraglio*, and the *Marriage of Figaro* well sung, in English, by Owen Brannigan (H.M.V. 7EP7043). Soprano arias from *Barber of Seville*, *Rigoletto*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Lakmé*, and *Don Pasquale*, sung with charm and considerable accomplishment by Roberta Peters (RCA RB16018).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 13



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on September 13th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Last month's winner is:

Mrs. Armytage Batley,
60 Lemsford Road, St. Albans, Herts.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 12

ACROSS.—1. Basso. 4. Laughable. 8. Chatteris. 10. Aesop. 11. Point. 12. Overtures. 13. Winslow. 15. Oder. 19. Chap. 20. Fastnet. 24. Uncoupled. 26. Bohem. 27. Islet. 28. Waterfall. 29. Reservoir. 30. Sweet.
DOWN.—1. Biceps. 2. Static. 3. Outstrip. 4. Largo. 5. Hearth. 6. Bestride. 7. Exposure. 9. Step out. 14. Shallow. 16. Occupier. 17. Calculus. 18. Cerberus. 21. Cutter. 22. Phrase. 23. Ballot. 25. Deter.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. A pledge is initially a joke. (4)
3. The antelope sounds a healthy creature! (10)
9. A vegetable container without feet. (4)
10. Natural ability provides a livelihood. (10)
12. Such talk is impossible on the telephone. (12)
15. Taken in the course of patient examination. (5)
16. Foreign representations. (9)
18. A jester loves glitter distorted. (9)
19. There's nothing to mark this award. (5)
20. Don it in court as a preliminary. (12)
24. How and in which a candidate becomes an M.P. (2-8)
25. Conqueror lacking an authoritative standard. (4)
26. The largest portion at the Zoo? (5, 5)
27. A royal title in East Sarawak. (4)

DOWN

1. Stage production in which not a word is spoken. (5, 5)
2. Gloucestershire alone has two letters for terminology. (10)
4. Decoration is a trouble at first. (9)
5. Confusing optic subject. (5)
6. Flatter whisky is sweet. (12)
7. A bird from the Never-Never Land. (4)
8. Pobbles are happier without them, according to Edward Lear. (4)
11. They are accommodating people. (5-7)
13. Upsettingly curious tic,—roundabout result. (10)
14. "An undevout . . . is mad." Young (*Night Thoughts*). (10)
17. Prison with plenty of room for walking? (9)
21. Seen in the rat, characteristic white streak. (5)
22. He fell an early victim to his brother. (4)
23. Note: get me a doctor. (4)

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